LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.
2. Two beautifully coloured Court Dresses for Her Majesty's Birth-day.
3. Two beautifully coloured Walking Dresses.

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TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Proprietors of this Magazine flatter themselves, that those whom they have the honour of addressing will do them the justice to acknowledge, that no expence has been spared to render this Work of the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT. *Men of superior literary acquirements, contribute their effusions; many more of that learned class of society have promised to furnish* ORIGINAL SUBJECTS *Monthly; and, therefore, this Magazine will continue to improve, and will become a* LIBRARY BY ITSELF, *and an indispensable requisite to every admirer of Literature. The Proprietors boldly assert, that this Magazine will tend more to disseminate information and useful reading, than any Book of the kind hitherto published.*

In the ORNAMENTAL PART *of the Work the* PROPRIETORS *challenge competition; the* EMBELLISHMENTS *have a manifest superiority over those of every Periodical Publication. The Proprietors are now enabled to pledge themselves, that the Portraits which will be given in every successive Number, will continue to increase in merit. Several of the most* distinguished and esteemed Masters *in the* FINE ARTS *have promised to favour this Undertaking with their* PAINTINGS, *that Engravings may be taken from them, to be published in this Work; among whom is that popular and much admired Painter,* SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, *who has, with that condescension which so much distinguishes him, favoured the Proprietors with permission to engrave from some of his admired, and* highly-finished Paintings *of the* British Princes; *among which is the* DUKE OF YORK, *whose Portrait will ornament the* Fourth Number *of the Work. The Likeness of his* Royal Highness *is unquestionably one of the best that ever was painted. The Portraits in this Work will, in the course of two years, procure to the Purchasers* complete Collections of Engravings *of the most illustrious* Men of the Age, *and when framed and glazed, will become of considerable value. The other ornamental parts of the Work will, for the future, consist of*

BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED

COSTUMES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

he Proprietors have been induced to give Fashions for Ladies *in this Work, at the instance of some of the most exalted Personages; by this improvement the Magazine will be a considerable saving to the Public, as it obviates the necessity of purchasing two works; for Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, will embrace subjects calculated for every class of Readers.*

The verses of *J. M.* are not sufficiently intelligible for our Magazine: and *Leander* has hardly merit enough to claim a page.

We are obliged to a *Trigger* for his hint: we will endeavour to strike the *game* that he has *marked*. We shall have great pleasure in receiving any farther correspondence from him.

We were much disappointed to find that *A. B. C.* and *D.* employed the whole letter that they wrote to us, in jocular admonitions as to dress. We had hoped from their signature that they were men of *letters*.

S. C. must not suppose that the interspersion of a few Scotch words will make any writer a Burns. *Cucullus non facit Monachum.*

C. H writes in a *common-place* style; and we cannot compliment *J. M. L.*

Hafiz can write very well if he pleases, but we cannot accept the refuse of the Newspapers.

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MAY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CLARENCE

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Maga...

Published by J. B. Ball & Co. No. Catherine Street. Strand. London. January 1...

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Third Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

WHEN we consider how much glory the English nation has acquired at sea, and how essential her maritime power is to her existence as an independent state, it may be a matter of some surprise that so few English Princes have embraced the naval profession, or distinguished themselves on that element which is justly regarded as the best safeguard of their country. Alfred was the first of our Princes who established a regular naval force. He gained several victories over the Danes on the northern coast; expelled pirates from the narrow seas; and is supposed to have carried the spirit of navigation so far as to attempt discoveries in the arctic regions. Edgar, as a proof of his naval superiority, caused himself to be rowed on the Dee by eight tributary sovereigns, and in his edicts constantly styled himself Lord of the Seas which surrounded his dominions. Richard I., a glorious and high-spirited Prince, who justly deserved the sirname of *Cœur de Lion*, compiled the code of marine laws which go by the name of the Laws of Oleron, from a small island on the coast of Normandy, and are to the present day, the basis of the marine code of the principal naval powers of Europe. Edward III. gained a great naval victory, in person, over the French, in the haven of Sluys, in 1340, and is said to have given the necessary directions for forming his line, and the mode of attack, with as much dexterity as if he had been bred to the sea: he also defeated a Spanish squadron off the coast of Sussex, and took twenty-four of their large ships. In consequence of these victories Edward caused himself to be represented on a gold coin, standing with a drawn sword in the middle of a ship, and assumed to himself the lofty title of protector of the seas. From the time of this great monarch to the reign of Charles II. we do not find that any of the blood-royal of England signalised themselves at sea. The duke of York, brother of Charles II. afterwards the unfortunate James II. was well acquainted with naval affairs in general, and shewed great bravery in various encounters with the Dutch, particularly at the fight off Solebay. He was the last English Prince who commanded in person at any memorable sea engagement, and is said, to the last moments of his life,

to have retained his partiality and affection for the navy of his native country, exclaiming, when he saw the French defeated off Cape La Hogue by Admiral Russel, and witnessed, in the destruction of their fleet, the final extinction of all his hopes, "None "but my brave English boys could have "done this."*

The only members of the present Royal Family who have embraced the naval profession, are the late Dukes of York and Cumberland, the brothers of His present Majesty, who both, we believe, attained the highest honours of the service, but were never entrusted with any separate command of importance, and the illustrious subject of our present memoir.

His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, the third son of our present gracious Sovereign, was born on the 21st of August 1768. He entered the navy in the twelfth year of his age, under the care of Rear-Admiral Digby, a brave and distinguished officer, and was present at the capture of the Spanish Caracca fleet off the coast of Portugal on the 8th of January 1780, and also at the defeat of Don Juan de Langara's squadron a few days afterwards. One of the captured ships, the Guipuscaio, of sixty-four guns, was named by Sir George Rodney, the commander in chief, the Prince William Henry, in compliment to His Royal Highness, in whose presence she was taken.

During the course of the war, His Royal Highness served in Europe, in America, and in the West Indies, but was not present at any of the great naval engagements which subsequently took place. In February 1783, he arrived at Port Royal in Jamaica, after having cruised for some time off St. Domingo, on board the Barfleur, Rear-Admiral Lord Hood. During his stay in the island, he was treated with the most distinguished marks of attention by all ranks of people, who were charmed at seeing among them a Prince so nearly allied to the Crown, whose affable and condescending manners, and promising character, afforded general satisfaction. The merchants, planters, and other principal inhabitants of Jamaica, presented him with a respectful address, to which His Royal Highness returned a suitable answer; and as a farther proof of their devotion, they raised a corps of cavalry for the express purpose of attending His Royal Highness, to which they gave the name of Prince William Henry's regiment.

In March 1783, His Royal Highness sailed with the squadron under Lord Hood, on a cruise off Cape Francois. On the 6th of April intelligence was received, that the preliminaries of peace had been signed in Europe; at the same time M. de Bellcombe, the governor of the Cape, sent an officer off to the squadron, with an invitation to His Royal Highness, requesting that he would honour the Cape with his presence; and also inviting Lord Hood to enter the harbour with the British squadron. The latter offer was politely declined; but Lord Hood directed a sloop of war to receive His Royal Highness, and carry him into the harbour. Upon his arrival he was received with all the honours due to his exalted rank; above six thousand French troops lined the streets, through which he passed to the governor's house, where he was entertained in a most magnificent style. A field officer's guard was ordered to be mounted, four centinels placed at the door of his apartment, and the parole for the night given by His Royal Highness. The following day His Royal Highness left the Cape, and returned to the squadron, the forts and ships of war saluting him on his departure with twenty-one guns each.

The squadron proceeded to Jamaica, where His Royal Highness soon after received the following handsome letter from Don B. D. Galvez, the governor of Louisiana, and commander in chief of the Spanish troops in Hispaniola.

"SIR, *Cape Francois, April 6th*, 1783.

"The Spanish troops cantoned throughout the "country, have not, like the French, had the "happiness of taking up arms to salute your "Royal Highness, nor that of paying you those "marks of respect and consideration which are "your due; this they will ever regret.

"I have in confinement at Louisiana, the prin- "cipal person concerned in the revolt of Na- "chez, with some of his accomplices.

"They have forfeited their parole and oath of

* Vide Dalrymple's Memoirs.

" fidelity. A council of war, founded on equitable " laws, has condemned them to death, and the exe- " cution of their sentence only waits my confirma- " tion, as Governor of the colony. They are all " English. Will you be pleased, Sir, to accept their " pardon, and their lives, in the name of the Spa- " nish army, and of my King? It is, I trust, the " least present that can be offered to one Prince in " the name of another. He whom I serve is gene- " rous, and will approve my conduct.

" In case your Royal Highness deigns to in- " terest yourself for those unfortunate men, I " have the honour to send an enclosed order for " their being delivered the moment any vessel " arrives at Louisiana communicating your plea- " sure. We shall consider ourselves happy if " this can be agreeable to you.

" I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) " B. D. GALVEZ."

To this letter His Royal Highness returned the following answer by Captain Manley Dixon, in the Tobago sloop of war:

Port Royal, Jamaica, April 13*th*, 1783.

" SIR,

" I want words to express to your Excellency " my just sense of your polite letter, of the deli- " cate manner in which you caused it to be deli- " vered, and your generous conduct towards the " unfortunate. Their pardon, which you have " been pleased to grant on my account, is the " most agreeable present you could have offered " me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery " and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This in- " stance increases, if possible, my opinion of your " Excellency's humanity, which has appeared on " so many occasions in the course of the late " war.

" Admiral Rowley is to dispatch a vessel to " Louisiana for the prisoners; I am convinced " they will ever think of your Excellency's cle- " mency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy " of your letter to the King my father, who will " be fully sensible of your attention to me.

(Signed) " WILLIAM HENRY."

In the month of May, the same year, His Royal Highness sailed in the Fortunée frigate to the Havannah, attended by Lord Hood's squadron. When the squadron arrived off the Moro castle, the Fortunée sailed into the harbour, under a royal salute from the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Don Solano, which was returned by the British squadron. His Royal Highness was carried on shore in Don Solano's barge, attended by the Spanish Admiral, and all the Captains of his squadron in their respective barges. Every mark of respect due to his exalted rank was shewn him; he reviewed above five thousand Spanish troops, visited the dock-yard, Moro castle, fortifications, and every thing worth notice at the Havannah. Upon his going from or returning to the shore, he received a royal salute from all the forts and ships of war in the harbour. His Royal Highness during his residence on shore was lodged at the house of Don Solano, and was pleased to express the highest satisfaction at his entertainment. After this visit His Royal Highness proceeded to England with the squadron.

In the month of June 1785, His Royal Highness having served the regular time in the navy as a Midshipman, and undergone the usual examination before the Comptroller of the Navy, and two senior post-captains, was appointed Third-Lieutenant of the Hebe frigate of forty guns, commanded by Captain Edward Thornborough. The Honourable John Levison Gower hoisted his broad pendant as Commodore on board the frigate, and she proceeded on a cruize round Great Britain and the Orkney islands. On her return she touched at Belfast in Ireland, from thence down St. George's channel, and arrived at Spithead the latter end of August. His Royal Highness was presented with an address by the inhabitants of every place at which he stopped, and was treated with every mark of attention and respect due to his high birth.

In February 1788, His Royal Highness was appointed First-Lieutenant of the Pegasus frigate; and on the 10th of April following he received his commission as Captain of the above ship, and sailed soon after, in company with another frigate, for Newfoundland. He proceeded from thence to North America, and the West Indies. At Barbadoes, the House of Assembly passed a vote to present His Royal Highness with a gold sword of the value of three hundred guineas; and the Council and Assembly of the island of Dominica presented him with a time-piece of the same value.

While he continued on the Leeward

Island station, His Royal Highness was under the command of Captain, afterwards the illustrious Lord, Nelson, as his senior officer. That great man, in writing to his friend William Locker, Esq. late Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, gives the following character of His Royal Highness, too flattering to be suppressed, and the truth of which need not be suspected, when it is considered that at the time it was written, it was a mere private communication, by no means intended to meet the public eye.

"You will know long before this reaches "you, that Prince William is under my "command. I shall endeavour to take care "that he is not a loser by that circum-"stance; he has foibles, as well as private "men, but they are far overbalanced by his "virtues. In his professional line he is "superior to near two-thirds, I am sure, of "the list; and in attention to orders, and "respect to his superiors, I hardly know "his equal. The Islanders have made vast "entertainments for him; but all this you "will see in the English papers."

In another letter, dated Montserrat, Feb. 14th, 1787, he says, "I am here with the "Pegasus and Solebay; the island has pre-"sented fine addresses, and good dinners, "&c. His Royal Highness keeps up strict "discipline in his ship, and without paying "him any compliment, she is one of the "first ordered frigates I have seen. He "has had more plague with his officers than "enough; his first-lieutenant will, I have "no doubt, be broke; I have put him "under arrest, he having written for a "court-martial on himself to vindicate his "conduct, because his Captain thought "proper to reprimand him in the order "book."

In March His Royal Highness did Captain Nelson the honour to stand father to his bride; and, to use his own expression, "shewed him every act of kindness that the "most professed friendship could bestow." It is needless to add, that the attachment and respect of His Royal Highness for this noble Commander suffered no diminution, but continued to increase till the last moments of Lord Nelson's glorious career.

After making a tour of the Leeward Islands, His Royal Highness proceeded to Nova Scotia, and from thence to England; and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 27th of December, 1787, after an absence of one year and a half.

In the following year His Royal Highness was appointed to the command of the Andromeda frigate, and sailed to Jamaica, where he arrived in Port Royal harbour on the 15th of November. The whole House of Assembly waited on him, with their dutiful congratulations for his arrival; and on the 2d of December they voted a thousand guineas to be laid out in the purchase of an elegant star, ornamented with diamonds, to be presented to him, as "an "humble testimony of the very high re-"spect and esteem which the island of "Jamaica entertained for his virtues, the "happiness they felt in seeing him among "them, and their grateful sense of His "Royal Highness's attention to the duties of "a profession, which is the support and "defence of the British Empire in general, "and of that island in particular." His Royal Highness received this mark of the Assembly's regard in a manner that gave general satisfaction.

His Royal Highness returned to England in the spring, and on the 16th of May 1789, was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's in Great Britain, and Earl of Munster in Ireland. About the same time Parliament settled a revenue on him out of the civil list, of twelve thousand pounds per annum, which in the last Session of Parliament was augmented to eighteen thousand pounds a-year. On the death of the Earl of Guildford, in 1792, His Majesty presented His Royal Highness with the rangership of Bushy Park, which is now his favourite country residence.

When a naval armament was fitted out in the summer of 1790, in consequence of the obnoxious proceedings of the Spaniards in relation to Nootka Sound, His Royal Highness hoisted his pendant as Captain for a short time on board the Valiant of seventy-four guns, one of the ships attached to the Channel fleet; and in December the same year was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue. But His Royal Highness, since his advancement to the rank of a flag officer, has not been invested with any command.

He is possessed of considerable Parliamentary talents, and often takes an active part in the debates in the House of Lords. Previous to the formation of the present administration, he generally voted with opposition, and was very severe in his remarks on many measures of the Pitt and Addington administrations. But that part of the Parliamentary conduct of the Royal Duke that has most distinguished him, is his support of the slave trade, every effort at the abolition of which, though carried with triumphant majorities in the House of Commons, he has strenuously resisted in the House of Lords, and, unhappily for the honour of the nation and the interests of humanity, hitherto with too much success. Some of His Royal Highness's speeches in defence of the slave trade have been published under his sanction; and a year or two ago the corporation of Liverpool thought so highly of his exertions in this cause, that they requested him to sit for his picture, which was painted by an eminent artist, and has been placed in their town hall. His Royal Highness has at different times received the thanks of the West India merchants and planters for the same reason, and various addresses have been transmitted to him from the West India islands.

In private life the manners of His Royal Highness are highly amiable and pleasing. Debarred by an act of the legislature from contracting any marriage without the royal permission, the Duke has for many years been warmly attached to a Lady, whose transcendant merits as an actress the public has long acknowledged, and whose personal accomplishments would confer honour on the most exalted station. By this Lady His Royal Highness has a numerous and promising family, and one or more of his sons, we believe, have already embraced the profession of their Illustrious Father, and are in the service of their country at sea.

HISTORY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE JEWISH NATION.

[*Concluded from page 84.*]

AFTER the death of Alexander, who completely destroyed the Persian empire, his dominions were divided amongst many successors, in the number of whom was Ptolemy the son of Lagus. This man seized upon Egypt, and afterwards by deceit and treachery obtained possession of Jerusalem, whence he carried many Jews into Egypt, and, as he knew them to be very strict in the observance of their oaths, he made them swear to be faithful to him and his posterity. Ptolemy Soter was succeeded by Philadelphus, who caused the Jewish laws to be translated into the Greek language, set free a hundred and twenty thousand Jews who were in slavery in Egypt, and also sent presents to the temple at Jerusalem. Not long after this, Antiochus the Great seized upon Judea, and was succeeded by his son Seleucus. Antiochus Epiphanes, who reigned after his brother Seleucus, made an expedition against Egypt; and on his return from that country, he made an expedition against the city of Jerusalem, the gates of which were opened to him by his own party, so that he made himself master of it without fighting: he then plundered it, slew some of the inhabitants, and made some prisoners, with their wives and children, to the amount of about ten thousand.

At this time there was a man named Mattathias, who had five sons; and when the men appointed by the king came to compel the Jews to offer sacrifice, Mattathias and his sons refused to comply, and fled with many of the other inhabitants into the desert, where they dwelt in caves. The king's generals pursued them thither and set fire to their retreats, and they decided on submitting to be burnt rather than fighting on the Sabbath-day, until Mattathias convinced them that it was always allowable to

fight in their own defence. After this he assembled a large army, overthrew the altars of the idols, and slew all who broke the laws, whenever he got them into his power; at his death he appointed Judas Maccabeus, one of his sons, to be general of the army. When Apollonius, general of the Samaritan forces, heard that Mattathias was dead, and was succeeded by his son, he hastened against Judas; they met, and Judas joining battle, defeated him, slew great numbers of the enemy, including Apollonius himself, and took much spoil from their camp. But when Seron, another general, learnt that many had joined Judas, and that he had a very considerable force, he resolved to attack him. He therefore assembled an army, and marched as far as Bethoron, a village of Judea, where Judas with a small company met him, and suddenly attacking them, defeated Seron and his army, and drove them from Bethoron to the plain, where about eight hundred were slain, and the rest fled into the land of the Philistines. Then the surrounding nations began to fear Judas, and his fame reached the king, who, on hearing these events, was extremely incensed, and assembled a very considerable force; but perceiving that his treasures were deficient, he resolved to go first into Persia, and collect the taxes there. So he left Lysias, a nobleman of the blood royal, to take care of his affairs till his return; he also gave him half of his forces, and the elephants, and commanded him to conquer Judea, and reduce its inhabitants to slavery, to destroy Jerusalem, and eradicate the whole nation. When Antiochus had given these things in charge to Lysias, he went into Persia. Then Lysias chose Ptolemy, Nicanor, and Gorgias, (mighty men and friends of the king) and sent them with forty thousand foot soldiers, and seven thousand horsemen, against Judea, and they pitched their camp in the open country near the city Emmaus. When Judas saw the multitude of his enemies, he exhorted his soldiers to be of good courage and place their trust in God. The enemy sent Gorgias with five thousand foot and one thousand horse to fall upon Judas by night: this plan the son of Mattathias discovered, and resolved to attack the enemies that were left in the camp, at that moment while their forces were divided; accordingly he fell upon them, slew many, and pursued the rest, with the slaughter of about three thousand. This done, he returned from the pursuit, desiring the people not to be too eager for the spoils, since they had still a battle to come. As he was yet speaking, a part of Gorgias's army appeared looking from the mountain; but when they perceived that the Jews had put their troops to flight, and were burning their tents, they were struck with a sudden panic, and fled. Judas seized the spoils, which were very rich and abundant, and returned home, giving thanks to God. Lysias was confounded at the defeat of the army which he had sent, and the next year assembled sixty thousand chosen men; with these he took five thousand horsemen, invaded Judea, and pitched his camp on the hilly country at Bethsura, where Judas met him with ten thousand men. When Judas saw the great number of his enemies, he, as usual, prayed to God to assist him; then attacking the first of the enemy that appeared, defeated and slew about five thousand. Lysias now returned to Antioch, where he engaged foreigners to serve, and prepared to assault Judea with a stronger force. Judas assembled the people and told them, that after the many victories which God had given them, they ought to go up to Jerusalem, to purify the temple and offer the appointed sacrifices. They obeyed; but on reaching Jerusalem they found the temple deserted, its gates burnt down, and herbage springing up within its precincts. Judas then chose out some of his soldiers, and commanded them to engage the guards in the citadel, till he should have purified the temple. He accordingly purified it, repaired it, and offered sacrifice. Now it happened by a wonderful coincidence, that these things were done on the very same day on which, three years before, the worship had ceased, in consequence of the city's falling into the hands of the idolators.

A short time after the renewal of the public worship, the nations who inhabited the countries contiguous to Judea, became very uneasy at this revival of the power of the Jews, and uniting against the people, destroyed an incredible number of them. Judas Maccabeus made perpetual expeditions against the neighbouring nations, endeavouring to restrain their incursions, and ward off the evils which they were constantly bringing on the Jews. After he had gained several important victories, the circumjacent countries assembled all their warriors, and, dividing into two parties, prepared to assault Judea on different sides. In this emergency, Judas ordered his brother Simon to take three thousand chosen men and go to the assistance of the Jews in Galilee, which was invaded by the inhabitants of Ptolemais, Tyre and Sidon; while he and another of his brethren named Jonathan, hastened to Gilead with eight thousand men. Simon was so successful in Galilee that, having defeated his adversaries, he pursued them to the gates of Ptolemais, and retook those Jews whom they had made captives. Judas and his brother Jonathan in the mean time passed over the river Jordan, and reached the garrison of Dathema, where many of the Jews

were besieged by Timotheus, the leader of the Ammonites. The conquering Judas arrived at the critical period, when scaling ladders were planted, and engines were prepared to batter the walls. Without delay he attacked the enemy in the rear, and the soldiers of Timotheus perceiving the leader to be Maccabeus, of whose undaunted valour and miraculous success in war they had had frequent and painful experience, endeavoured to save themselves by flight; but Judas pursuing, slew eight thousand of them, a number great at that period, when no armies were brought into the field at all comparable to those which now drench the earth with blood. The spirit of Timotheus being still unbroken, he collected a numerous army, not only of the Ammonites, but also of foreign auxiliaries, and ventured again to meet in the field the brave, the invincible Judas, who again overcame him, and compelled the poor remains of his forces to take refuge in Carnaim, which he also took, and, setting fire to it, destroyed the miserable remnant of his enemies. He then collected together all the Jews who had been taken prisoners, and brought them back to Judea, singing psalms, and returning thanks to the Lord of Hosts, both for their success and for the miraculous preservation of their countrymen, not one of whom had fallen in any of these battles.

Judas, on his return, found that Joseph and Azarias (to whom he had committed the care of the rest of the troops, and the government of Judea, with a strict charge not to engage in any combats during his absence), vainly ambitious of being deemed great generals, had led the army under their command to Jamnia. There they were met by Gorgias, the leader of the Jamnian forces, lost two thousand men, and were pursued by him to the borders of Judea; but Judas and his brothers ceased not to fight with the enemies of their country till they had regained entire possession of Judea. That country was soon after invaded by an army, led by Antiochus Eupator, whose forces were so much superior to those of Judas, that the latter, unable to contend with him in the open field, retired to Jerusalem, and prepared to undergo all the horrors of a siege, while Antiochus sent a part of his army to besiege Bethsura, and with the remainder came against Jerusalem. Bethsura, struck with sudden terror at the numerous forces of Antiochus, capitulated; but Jerusalem was bravely defended, and the engines of the king of Syria were opposed by those of the Jewish leader. At last their provisions failed, the stores which had been laid up in the city were exhausted, and many of the besieged, no longer able to endure the want of food, fled from the city, and it must have again fallen a prey to its enemies, but at that juncture the king Antiochus, and Lysias, the general of his army, received information that Philip, who had been left by Antiochus Epiphanes, guardian to his son Antiochus Eupator, was endeavouring, in the absence of his ward, to gain the government for himself; upon which they thought it advisable to abandon the siege, and hasten back to Syria, to counteract the machinations of Philip. Unwilling, however, to make their true reasons known to the army, Antiochus commanded Lysias to tell them that the siege would still be very long, that the place was well fortified, that the camp was already in want of provisions, in consequence of their having before laid waste the surrounding country, and that it would be politic to enter into an alliance with the kingdom of Judea, which could only be effected by leaving the Jews at liberty to follow the laws and customs of their forefathers. In consequence of this an offer was made to Judas and to those who were besieged with him, of leaving them in the peaceable undisturbed possession of their national rites and observances. This proposal was gladly received, and the besieged came out of the temple; but when Antiochus entered and perceived its strength, he broke the oath which he had taken to leave the fortifications untouched, and commanded his army to pull down the walls, after which he returned to Antioch; and having reigned but two years was, with his general, Lysias, put to death by order of Demetrius king of Tripoli, who had taken them both prisoners, and usurped the dominion of Syria.

Many of those Jews who had fled from Jerusalem during the siege, came to Demetrius and accused Judas and his brethren of having slain all the friends of Alcimus the high-priest, who had been led away captive by Antiochus, of having put to death all those who wished him to resume his former station, and of having ejected themselves, who had in reality fled from their native country; they concluded by desiring him to send some person in whom he confided, to bear witness to the truth of their statement. Upon this Demetrius gave an army to Bacchides, a man of great power and influence, committed to his care the high-priest Alcimus, and charged him to slay Judas, and those who were with him. Bacchides, having received these orders, went out of Antioch with his army, and when he was come to Judea, he sent to Judas and his brethren to treat with him concerning a league of peace and amity, designing to take Judas prisoner by treachery. But the penetrating Judas gave no credit to these proposals, knowing that

had the intentions of Bacchides been in reality pacific, he would not have thought it necessary to bring so large an army. His influence, however, over his countrymen was not sufficient to prevent some of them from trusting to the professions of Bacchides; and these persons supposing that the presence of Alcimus, their former high-priest, would protect them, exacted an oath that they should receive no injury, and put themselves wholly into the power of Bacchides. The latter, regardless of the oaths he had taken, slew threescore of them, and thus, by breaking his faith with those who had joined him, deterred all the rest who had designed to follow their example. Finding treachery unavailing, he had recourse to violence, and compelled the people in the open country and villages to submit to Alcimus; then leaving a part of his army to maintain the high-priest's authority, he returned to Antioch with the remainder. Alcimus, desirous of establishing his authority on a firmer foundation, contrived to ingratiate himself with the people, and gathered together a large army which he led about the country, destroying by fire and sword all the friends and adherents of the illustrious Judas, who seeing that Alcimus was become great and powerful, and had destroyed many of the virtuous inhabitants, went over the country also, destroying the partizans of the priest. Alcimus then seeing his forces inadequate to those of his rival, resolved to apply to Demetrius for assistance, and alleged that Judas had already done him great injury, and would become formidable unless speedily checked. In compliance with this advice Demetrius sent Nicanor, with a considerable force, against Judas, who overcame and slew him. A short time after, the high-priest Alcimus resolving to pull down the wall of the sanctuary which had been built by the holy prophets, was suddenly struck by the hand of the Almighty, and after enduring inexpressible torments for many days, at last expired. After his death the high-priesthood was conferred on Judas, and his first step was to form an alliance with the Romans, who were then advancing by degrees to that extent of boundless power which they afterwards obtained.

When Demetrius heard of Nicanor's death, and the destruction of the army, he again dispatched Bacchides into Judea with a force of twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse. The whole army of Judas was but three thousand, the majority of whom, terrified at the numbers of the enemy, fled and left their leader with but eight hundred men. Undaunted, however, in the midst of dangers, he fought bravely, and died as he had lived, in the defence of his country. When he expired, his soldiers fled, but his brothers carried his body to a village where his father was buried. Here they interred him, and deeply and deservedly was he lamented by his countrymen. Such was the end of Judas Maccabeus, who affords the rare example of a life spent in the purest and most disinterested patriotism. Notwithstanding the subsequent destruction of his country, the fame of this illustrious hero has survived, and will ever survive, the wreck of nations, and the undermining hand of time.

After the death of Judas, a famine afflicted the land, and many, incapable of bearing the miseries attendant on a general dearth, abandoned their countrymen and went over to the Macedonians. The poor remains of the companions of Judas, seeing the nation on the point of falling a prey to its enemies, came to Jonathan, the brother of Maccabeus, and entreated him not to suffer the country which his brother had so magnanimously defended, to fall a prey to its enemies; to which Jonathan replied that he was ready to imitate his glorious brother, and like him to die in the defence of his native land. Bacchides hearing that Jonathan was appointed general of the Jewish army, feared that he might be no less formidable to Syria than Judas had been, and sought to destroy him by treachery. But Jonathan, with his brother Simon, fled into a wilderness near Jerusalem, and Bacchides resolved not to attack the Jewish army till the Sabbath-day, hoping that Jonathan would then refuse to fight; but he, on the contrary, exhorted his companions to pray for victory, and then to fight; in consequence of which Bacchides lost two thousand men, and afterwards made peace with Jonathan, swearing never again to invade Judea, which oath he kept.

At this period Alexander Bala, an illegitimate son of Antiochus Epiphanes, came into Syria with a numerous army, dethroned Demetrius, appointed Jonathan high-priest, and shewed him every mark of favour and regard. Jonathan some years after was treacherously assassinated, and his brother Simon was appointed leader of the Jewish forces. He was succeeded by Hyrcanus, with whom ended the Theocracy, and after him Judea became a monarchy, and was oppressed by tyrannic rulers. After the death of Hyrcanus, his son Aristobulus put the diadem on his brow, four hundred and eighty years after the people had been brought from their captivity in Babylon. Aristobulus loved his brother Antigonus, and treated him as his equal, but the rest of his brethren he caused to be fettered; nay, he even put

his mother in prison and starved her to death. Many persons endeavoured to alienate the affections of Aristobulus from his brother Antigonus, and they at last succeeded. His mind being poisoned by calumny, he caused his brother to be assassinated, but a short time after the commission of this crime repented it deeply, and finding his health impaired by his remorse, he died after a reign of one year. On his death, his wife Salome, who was called by the Greeks Alexandra, released his brethren, and raised to the regal dignity the eldest of them, named Alexander, whose warlike disposition led him to besiege Ptolemais, and afterwards to make incursions into the neighbouring kingdoms. But his unbounded intemperance brought on an ague, which, after a duration of three years, put a period to his existence, not however before he had advised the queen Alexandra, whom, according to the Jewish law, he had espoused after his brother's death, to promise the chief men of Jerusalem to act in no important instance without their concurrence. She followed his advice, and entrusted every thing to the judgment of the Pharisees. Alexandra reigned nine years, and was succeeded on the throne by her younger son Aristobulus, while Hyrcanus, the elder, became high-priest; but scarcely was the former seated on the throne, when he raised an army, and attacked Hyrcanus, who took refuge in the temple, and there the two brothers agreed that Aristobulus should continue to reign over the kingdom of Judea, while Hyrcanus should retire from public affairs, and dwell in the shade of privacy. However, a friend of Hyrcanus, named Antipater, who was perpetually at variance with the king Aristobulus, secretly encouraged the Jews to rebellion, and frequently told them that by fraud and injustice alone had Aristobulus acquired the dominion of Judea, to the prejudice of his elder brother Hyrcanus, whom he had unjustly excluded from his paternal inheritance. These arguments, though perpetually urged to Hyrcanus, failing of their purposed effect, Antipater at last persuaded him that his brother designed to take away his life, and thus prevailed on him to fly to Aretas, king of Arabia, and from him to ask assistance in regaining the kingdom of Judea. Aretas, having exacted from Hyrcanus a promise to restore to him twelve cities, which his father Alexander had conquered in Arabia, raised an army of fifty thousand men, with which he defeated Aristobulus, who was compelled to take refuge in Jerusalem. It chanced that the Passover, an annual period at which the Jews were in the custom of offering sacrifices to God, returned during the siege; and those who were then shut up with Aristobulus in the city, being destitute of victims, requested their countrymen without the walls to supply them, offering to pay whatever they should ask in return for their cattle; but when the stipulated sum had been let down from the walls, the army of Hyrcanus refused to fulfil their engagement, and to deliver the victims. In consequence of this, God sent a violent storm, which destroyed the fruits of the earth, and occasioned a scarcity hardly ever paralleled.

At this critical period, Pompey, who was then general of the Roman legions in Armenia, marched into Judea, and summoned Aristobulus to deliver up to him the fortresses of the kingdom. The latter was compelled to obey, and as the inhabitants of Jerusalem refused to surrender their city, Pompey, with his Roman troops, attacked and conquered it. He made Jerusalem tributary to Rome, and restoring to the neighbouring countries the cities which had been annexed by right of conquest to Judea, reduced it to its original limits; he also made Hyrcanus high-priest; and having appointed Scaurus, a celebrated Roman leader, to the government of the adjoining country of Celesyria, with two legions under his command, he departed and returned to Rome, carrying with him Aristobulus and his children captives, to grace his triumph. From this period Judea became a Roman province, and the Jews ceased to be a peculiar nation.

At length, in the reign of Vespasian, emperor of Rome, the province revolted, and Titus, his son, besieged the city, and burnt it to the ground, thus accomplishing our Saviour's prediction relative to the misfortunes destined to fall on that impious and devoted nation. From that time the Jews have been dispersed over all the nations of the world, melancholy wanderers, exiled from their native land, and shunned and detested for their obstinate infidelity. It is true that a scheme has been lately agitated for restoring them to their country; but even should the proposer of it be sincere in his intentions, so many and so pressing are the tasks which he must accomplish before such a scheme can be carried into effect, that we can hardly expect to witness so difficult and so disinterested a performance.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS,

IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF EUROPE, PARTICULARLY OF THOSE REGIONS INCLUDED WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

THE learned M. Bailli, in his treatise on the Origin of Sciences, addressed to Voltaire, supposes that the northern parts of the earth were the first inhabited, and that all the arts which tend to the comfort or embellishments of human life, had their origin in the now deserted and inhospitable tracts which surround the north pole. His hypothesis, which obtained a considerable degree of reputation among the philosophers of France, and particularly the followers of Buffon's system, proceeded upon the idea, that the earth was originally a mass of ignited matter thrown out from the Sun, which, cooling first at the poles, occasioned those regions to be the first that were inhabited. But as our business lies more with facts than with conjectures, we shall pass over the very ingenious arguments with which Bailli has attempted to prove the early civilization of the northern regions, and content ourselves with describing them as they at present exist, following as our guides the best navigators and travellers who have penetrated into those realms of eternal winter.

The most remote tract of land towards the north pole that has yet been discovered is Greenland. It has been remarked that men and all other animals diminish in size, in proportion to their vicinity to the poles; and the inhabitants of Greenland, being very short in stature, are frequently mentioned in evidence of this fact, few of them exceeding five feet in height; but in general they are well shaped and proportioned. The features of the Greenlanders differ widely from our standard of beauty: their faces are broad and flat, their eyes, nose, and mouth commonly small, and the under lip somewhat thicker than the upper. The colour of their bodies is dark grey, but that of their faces is of an olive colour: these circumstances are supposed to originate partly from habitual dirtiness, and partly from the smoke occasioned by the lamps which they perpetually burn in their cabins. The Greenlanders have coal black, straight, long hair on their heads, but their beards they carefully pluck out by the roots. They are exceedingly nimble with their feet, and dexterous in the use of their hands: they manage with great adroitness their *Kaiaks* or canoes, in the most tempestuous seas, and are said to be able to carry burdens nearly double the weight of what an European can lift. In summer they usually sleep five or six hours in the twenty-four, and in winter eight. When they rise in the morning they are apt to be thoughtful and dejected at the prospect of the toils and dangers of the ensuing day, but when their labours are over they are cheerful and happy.

The character of the Greenlanders is far from contemptible. They are, generally speaking, peaceful in their tempers, liberal in their dispositions, and so perfectly satisfied with their condition, that they look upon the Southern Europeans as a race of men inferior to themselves. Their behaviour towards each other is governed by the rules of natural justice, and it is said, that they have not even a single abusive word in their vocabulary. Like all other savage tribes, however, they are much addicted to revenge, and seldom shew any remarkable eagerness in endeavouring to assist persons whom they behold in distress, unless they be their own relations or particular friends.

The dress of the Greenlanders consists principally of the skins of rein-deer, seals, and birds. Their outer garment reaches about half way down the thigh, and is shaped like a waggoner's frock, but is neither so long nor so loose. On the top of this is fastened a cap or hood, which they can draw over their heads as a defence against the wet or cold. These garments are sewed together with the sinews of rein-deer or whales, split so thin and small, that they are adapted to the finest steel needles, and by these they execute their work with astonishing neatness and ingenuity. Their shirts are made of the skins of fowls with the feathers inwards, or sometimes of the skins of rein-deer. Over the shirt is another garment made likewise of rein-deer's skin, or of seal skins, of which the rough side is turned outwards, and the borders and seams are ornamented with narrow stripes of red leather and white dog-skin. Seal-skins are also manufactured, by various processes, into breeches, stockings, and shoes; but among the wealthier Greenlanders, woollen stockings, trowsers, and caps, which they procure from Iceland, or of the ships that visit them during the season of the whale fishery, are preferred and worn instead of the skins. When they travel by sea, a great coat, made of a black smooth seal's hide, rendered water proof, covers the rest of their dress.

The women's dress does not differ in many

particulars from the men's, except when they are nurses, and then they wear an *amaut*, which is a garment wide enough in the back to hold the child, who is placed in it quite naked, without any sort of swaddling clothes, and is kept from falling by means of a girdle fastened about the mother's waist. The common dress of both sexes abounds with filth and vermin, but they preserve their holiday clothes with great care and neatness.

The Greenlanders live together in communities of several families in one house, and several houses or tents on the same spot of ground. Their houses, which are their winter habitations, are about four yards in breadth, and from eight to twenty-four yards in length, according to the number of persons they are intended to contain, and are made of a height just sufficient for a person to stand erect. They are usually built on some elevated place, yet sheltered withal, that the melted snow may run better off from the foundation. The materials of which their houses are constructed, are broad stones, with layers of earth and sods between them, and on these are placed beams supported with upright posts. On the beams rafters are laid across, and small pieces of wood between the rafters; and the whole is first covered with bushes, then roofed with turf, and last of all fine earth is strown on the top.

The Greenlander always builds near the sea, from whence he derives his subsistence and acquires all his riches, and the entrance to his house is uniformly towards the sea-side. Their houses have neither door nor chimney; but the want of them is supplied by a vaulted passage made of stone and earth, opening into the middle of the building, but constructed so low, that it is necessary rather to creep than walk into their houses. This passage is well contrived to keep out the wind and cold, and at the same time to give egress to the tainted air of their apartments. The insides of their houses are hung with old worn tents and boat-skins, and sometimes the roofs are additionally fenced with the same materials.

From the middle of the house to the wall, extending its whole length, there is a boarded floor, covered with skins, and raised about a foot from the ground, which is divided into several apartments, resembling horse stalls, by skins reaching from the posts that support the roof to the wall. Each family occupies a separate apartment or stall, and the number of families inhabiting one house is from three to ten. They sleep on their floors upon skins, which serve them in the daytime for seats, the men sitting with their legs hanging down, and the women cross-legged behind them. At home the employment of the men is to prepare their tackle and implements for hunting and fishing; that of the women to cook the victuals and sew their clothes.

Their windows, which are small and few in number, on account of the rigour of their climate, are made of the entrails of the seal, dressed and sewed so neatly together, that they serve effectually as a defence against the wind and snow, and at the same time admit a full share of the scanty light which their days afford. Every family has a fire-place appertaining to itself, and one or more lamps, which are fed with oil procured from the blubber of whales or seals. By means of these, notwithstanding the intense severity of the climate, their houses are kept warm and comfortable, and by these they dress their food, which consists chiefly of seal's flesh, a few of the more opulent or industrious only being able to procure bear's flesh or rein-deer.

On the outside of their dwelling-houses, they construct little magazines for the preservation of their stock of fish, flesh, and oil. Their oil is preserved in leathern bags made of seal-skins, and whatever they catch in winter under the snow. Adjoining to their store-houses, they lay up their boats in the winter on scaffolds, with their bottoms upwards, under which are stowed their hunting and fishing tackle, and skins.

About the month of April, when the sun, after a long absence, begins to warm and enliven their dreary hemisphere, they remove from their houses to their summer tents, which are formed of long poles covered over with skins; these are very neatly joined together, and the entrails of the seal serve for doors, preserve them from the cold, and at the same time are sufficiently transparent to answer the purpose of windows. During this season of the year, they are so remarkably attentive to the neatness of their tents, that they always cook their provisions in the open air. Different families occupy the same tent, and their eating and sleeping places are similar to those described in their winter habitations, but more neat and cleanly.

The common food of the Greenlanders consists of sea fowl, fish, and the flesh of seals. Rein-deer's flesh is highly esteemed among them, but it is rarely to be obtained; they are likewise extremely fond of bread, pulse, oatmeal, &c. but as their own country produces none of these, and very few plants or vegetables, their chief diet is fish or seal's flesh. In dressing their meat they pay little attention to cleanliness; their principal meal is in the evening, after they have finished the toils of the day; the men eat first, and the women afterwards. Formerly they had a strong aversion to spirituous liquors, which, not unap-

propriately, were called by them *mad-maiers*; but since their intercourse with the ships employed in the whale fishery has been more frequent, that dislike has entirely subsided, and now they will practise many little artifices to obtain a dram of brandy. Their intercourse with our navigators has likewise taught them the use of tobacco, which they are extremely fond of smoking, and they take snuff from their childhood as a preservative of the eyes against those disorders to which the inhabitants of high latitudes are peculiarly subject.

The Greenlanders deriving the chief of their sustenance from the sea, may be supposed to have made some sort of progress in the art of naval architecture. Their boats are of two kinds, well adapted to the nature of their seas, and the purposes they are designed to serve. The great, or woman's boat, called the *Umiak*, is from twelve to eighteen yards long, four or five feet wide, and about three feet deep. It is constructed of slender laths, fastened together with whalebone, and covered over with tanned seal-skin. Boats of this description are usually rowed by four women, and steered by a fifth: the men never assist in navigating them, except in cases of great emergency. In long voyages they generally travel ten or twelve leagues a day, and at night they unload, pitch their tents, and draw their boats on shore. If at any time ice or shoals impede the progress of their voyage, six or eight of the women take the boat upon their heads, and transport it to where the sea is navigable. The little, or man's boat, which is called the *Kaiak*, is about six yards long, scarcely eighteen inches broad, and about a foot deep. It is sharp at the head and stern like a weaver's shuttle, and the materials of which it is constructed are similar to those of the larger boat, only that the deck is made of skins. In the middle of this deck or covering there is a round hole, with a rim of wood or bone, in which the Greenlander sits, the rim just reaching above his hips, and he tucks the underpart of his great coat so tight round the rim, that the water cannot in any place penetrate. He holds his oar in the middle, with both hands, and strikes the water alternately on each side, with so regular a motion that it appears as if he was beating time. They row very swiftly, so that they will perform a voyage of sixty or seventy miles in one day.

In these slight and fragile vessels the Greenlanders pursue their dangerous occupation, fearless of storms, and regardless of the roughest billows of the ocean. If a wave overwhelms them, they are soon seen swimming on the surface again, or if they are overset, they can easily recover their equilibrium with the help of their oar. The greatest hazard to which they are exposed is when they happen to lose their oar, as they are commonly lost unless assistance is at hand, in which case they contrive to bind themselves to their *Kaiaks*, in order that their bodies may be found, and receive the rites of sepulture.

The seal furnishes the best part of a Greenlander's wealth, and may be called his staple commodity. The flesh supplies him with a wholesome and nutritious food; the fat furnishes oil for his lamp and kitchen fire, and is used likewise as sauce for his fish: the fibres of the sinews serve him for thread; and of the entrails he makes shirts, windows for his tents and houses, and a variety of other articles. Even the blood of the animal, when boiled with other ingredients, is eaten as soup. The skins are used for clothing, for covering their boats and tents, and many other purposes; and formerly even the bones of the seal, for want of iron, were manufactured into harpoons, darts, and other useful instruments. Hence no Greenlander is held in any esteem by his tribe who cannot catch seals. In this art they are carefully instructed from their infancy, and it makes the great business of their lives. The principal method of catching seals is in the open sea by means of harpoon, line, and bladder. When the Greenlander sets out equipped in his *Kaiak*, and discovers a seal, his first care is that his harpoon, line, and bladder, lie in their proper places; he then takes his oar in his left hand, and his harpoon in his right, which he darts at the animal, generally with such unerring dexterity as to bury the barb in its flesh. The moment the seal is wounded, the Greenlander throws the bladder, tied at the end of his line, into the water, on the same side as the animal dives. This bladder, though a great impediment on account of its size and buoyancy, the seal frequently drags to a considerable distance under water, until it becomes wearied and is compelled to return to the surface to take breath. The Greenlander, who watches its motion, hastens to the spot where he sees the bladder rise, and as soon as the seal appears strikes it with a great lance; when it is exhausted from loss of blood, he dispatches it with a smaller lance, and sews up the wounds to preserve the blood that remains.

This method of catching seals is sometimes attended with great danger to the Greenlander, which may arise either from the loss of his oar, or the entanglement either of his boat or himself in the line, as it uncoils by the swift motion of the seal in diving under water. Sometimes he is

attacked with the utmost fury by the dying seal, especially if she be a female that has young, the consequences of which are frequently fatal.

A second method of taking seals is practised by a number of men assembling together, who shout and terrify the animals till they are so harassed, that they are easily surrounded and killed with small lances.

A third method of killing them takes place on the ice, where the seals make themselves holes for the convenience of breathing. Near one of these holes a Greenlander takes his station, and as soon as the seal comes and puts his nose above the water, he pierces it with his harpoon, and then enlarging the hole, draws it out and kills it. Besides these there are many other methods of killing seals, either singly on the ice, or by attacking them in droves when at particular seasons of the year they assemble together.

In their moral habits and conduct the Greenlanders might serve as a pattern to more polite nations. Their lives are regulated by strict principles of decorum and propriety, and nothing unbecoming is to be heard or seen in their words or actions. Single women very rarely have any illegitimate children: and if divorced wives or young widows are less tenacious of their honour, they are held in contempt for the looseness of their morals.

A man does not marry until he is about twenty years of age; he then chooses a woman not much younger than himself, with whom he expects no other portion than her clothes, knife, lamp, and sometimes a stone boiler. The qualities for which a bride is chiefly sought, are her skill in housewifery and sewing, and her strength and activity in rowing the *Umiak*. The women, on the other hand, esteem the men in proportion as they excel in hunting and fishing.

Polygamy is by no means common among them, but it is not prohibited; and so far from its being considered as a disgraceful thing for a man to have a plurality of wives, he is respected for the industry by which he is enabled to maintain them. But to be without children is deemed a very unfortunate circumstance, in which case a divorce usually takes place.

The Greenland women have seldom more than three or four children, and these at the intervals of two or three years between each. The mothers shew great affection for their infants, and carry them about wherever they go, or however they are employed: and as the country affords no proper nourishment for them in their infancy, they suckle them till they are three or four years old.

The education of their children is conducted without any severity or restraint. As soon as a boy can make use of his hands and feet, his father furnishes him with a little bow and arrow, and exercises him by shooting at a target; or he gives him a knife to carve play-things, by which the amusement of his younger days instructs him in the business of his future life. Towards his tenth year the father provides him with a *kaiak*, to practise the evolutions necessary to be learnt on the water, and the various methods of fishing and fowling. When he is fifteen he must go out with his father to catch seals, and the first he takes is devoted to purposes of festivity with his family and neighbours. At the age of twenty he must make his own *kaiak* and implements for fishing and hunting, and fully equip himself for providing his own subsistence. Soon after this period he marries, and dwells with his parents as long as they live, his mother always retaining the management of the house.

The girls, till they are fourteen years old, are left to enjoy their liberty, except when they are employed on some trivial domestic occupations. But after this period they are taught to sew, cook, dress skins, and build houses. Building is almost the entire work of the women; the men do only the carpenter's work, and look contentedly on, while the women are carrying the heaviest burdens. But notwithstanding this inequality of labour, the men seldom reach the age of fifty, whereas the women frequently live to seventy or eighty.

The religion of the Greenlanders consists of a belief in the consolatory doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and that as soon as a person dies he goes to the land of spirits, where he enjoys the felicity of hunting from age to age, while the body remains behind, and moulders into dust. They believe also in a spirit whom they call *Tomgasak*, and to him they ascribe a supernatural power over the world, but not its first creation. The *angakuts*, or priests, form very extravagant and incongruous ideas of this spirit; some contending that he is without form, others representing him under the shape of a bear, and others pretending that he has but one arm. They assign him his abode in the lower regions of the earth, where they say the sun constantly shines, and where deer, fowls, and excellent water are in abundance. They likewise believe in a spirit that resides in the air, on whom they bestow the name of the Moderator, because their priests pretend, that he orders them to command the people to abstain from certain things, as the way to obtain his favour, and to preserve themselves from evil and danger.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE SCRIBBLER.

BY MONTHLIANUS SCRIBLERUS.

No. II. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1807.

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, QUID NON. HOR.

The *fair*, *foul*, *useful*, be the critics' lot;
Give me the QUID NON, and I have—WHAT NOT?

THE mystery, which my first paper hung over the family of SCRIBLERUS, will answer many valuable ends. In particular, I shall have as many claims to relationship as Mr. Bickerstaff had from the family of the other Staffs: these will furnish me with correspondences, the utility of which in eking out a periodical paper can be surmised even by those who do not labour under that eternal task. But upon second thoughts, though I cannot foresee any very great difficulties which I shall have to encounter in making up my monthly modicum; I am a SCRIBBLER; and what a field for perambulation is here!

"The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before
"me;"

Yes;

"But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it,"

and those of dulness too, I am afraid. Yet what ought I to care? a SCRIBBLER may be allowed to dip his pen in any thing, in "shadows, clouds, "darkness," or whatever else he pleases; nay, I doubt whether I am not privileged to write even upon "darkness," to throw my very "shadows" on a shade; for what a school-boy calls *scribbling*-paper is neither more nor less than paper covered with an "inky cloak," on which his incoherent pot-hooks when dry are not discernible; and I have more than once thought of mortifying the critics, by printing some of my best papers in this inscrutable way, like the black pages which STERNE has placed after his story of "poor "Yorick."

But whether I take this liberty or no, I shall insist upon being a licensed *hawker* with my pen; if I agree not to transform the stage-coach of a periodical paper into a mourning one, it must be upon condition that I may be allowed to wander about the country whenever I please, and, even to "kick and curvet in my course" just as I shall chuse. For my part, I can promise my readers that they shall not repent their easiness in granting me this licence; for though I claim the privilege of writing upon any subject, it does not follow that I shall write upon none, or that if I begin one of my lucubrations with a treatise on pea-shells, I may not finish it with a new system of ethics: the lady to whom we are indebted for the *Task*, told COWPER to write upon any thing, but she named a sofa; and although the poet commenced his erratic but divine work by

"Playing a while obedient to the fair,
With that light task,"

yet the conclusion found him engaged in all the fervour of rational piety. Into one covenant, however, I will enter, not to be egotistical. My readers will be convinced of my intentions not to infringe this vow, if they will but turn to my former paper, and observe with what pain I introduce myself to their notice, and how unwillingly it was that I told them any thing more of MONTHLIANUS SCRIBLERUS than his name and descent. They may rest assured therefore that if ever I should happen to talk of such a thing as wine, which with me, by the bye, is no very likely topic, I shall not tell them whether I prefer red or white, as MONTAIGNE does; and that if ever I describe any of our English towns, I shall not, like Mr. Dibdin, extol their inhabitants for seraphs, or condemn them for brutes, accordingly as they do or not take in the SCRIBBLER. But

"*Que vois-je et que ne vois-je pas?*"

What do I see, and what do I not see? Even while I am protesting against egotism, I am

guilty of it: *I's, me's*, and *my's* multiply even in proportion as I endeavour to diminish them; just as Sir Peter Teazle and his lady alternately relapse into the most serious of all their quarrels in proportion to the endeavours of each at self-vindication from the other's charge of contentiousness. The only way therefore to put an end to my egotistical apologies for egotism is to be what the January-and-May couple in the comedy should also have been—dumb. Thus then I throw down my pen, and give the rest of my paper to the first correspondent I can lay my hand on.

To Mr. SCRIBLERUS.

SIR,

I like your scribbling plan. The random bolts of a fool whose conversation is privileged to be indefinitely satirical, are often of more effect than the premeditated shafts of the wisest apophthegmatist: and I do not see why the same street-firing of the pen may not just as effectually disperse the mob of follies, with which this city abounds. Not that I mean by this allusion to call you a fool; no, else where is the wisdom of a seventh son of a seventh son? I have taken it for granted though that you intend (that is, if you have any intentions at all, which, as a mere SCRIBBLER, I am not sure that you need have) to tread in the steps of your predecessors the censors-general in their arduous and delicate task, that of lashing the reigning follies. Mr. SCRIBBLER, Mr. SCRIBBLER! If you will condescend to precogitate long enough to form a single intention, I conjure you let this be it. I shall never forgive you unless I see your next paper be-mottoed with some such words as those of Coriolanus,

"For the mutable rank-scented many, let
"them
"Regard me as I do not flatter, and
"Therein behold themselves."

A SCRIBBLER, my dear Sir, may write in the most desultory manner; and how fit must such a manner be from a satirist to his objects? for they are men and women who never read in any other! In this way you can, as GOLDSMITH expresses it, "deceive them into instruction;" in this way, you can now and then give them a keen piece of advice which they may read though they run. Introduce it in one of your liveliest tales; no matter for propriety, you are a SCRIBBLER! Let it be so concise, that even though they should skip it as soon as they are aware of its intrusion, yet they shall not chuse, but possess the whole drift of your hint as soon as they perceive it to be such. For instance, if your tale is Eastern, (you see I am continually supposing you to ape your betters,) let it run thus: "Then said the Dervise "to *Alfazil*, 'my son, the path you have so pain-"fully traversed'—(you beaux of the present day "will never be SHAKSPEARES; for though you "are determined not to use 'the spectacles of "books to read nature,' yet you can never look "at her without the eye-glass of foppery)—'the "path you have traversed leads to—(you coquettes "of fifty, why don't you go to the Herald's Col-"lege and put up for the office of *Rouge Dragon*?) "—leads to," &c. &c. Thus, Sir, a SCRIBBLER might fearlessly temper the useful with the agreeable, and thus the former would instruct the foolish, while the latter amused the wise, and while both delighted

Your sincere admirer,
AMATOR SCRIPTITANDI.

I pick up my pen to tell this Mr. Amator Scriptitandi, whose name by the way I can never believe to be any thing more than a fiction, that though I do not mean to treat my correspondents as my predecessor (and relation if I chose to tell all) Mr. Fitz-Adam did, when he drily replied to a petitioner for religious matter, to one against it, to an advocate for grammar, to one against that, to a hater of novels, to a lover of them, to a moral philosopher and to a free-liver, that his *World* should in future be exclusively occupied by the several topics which his different correspondents required, yet that I can more fairly promise to comply with Mr. Amator Scriptitandi's request than to adopt his motto; for I mean to write every thing that comes uppermost, whether it be satire, or *what not*; but I do not intend to assume any mottoes except my own. When I say I shall write any thing that comes uppermost, I of course mean every thing that is light: we are all philosophers enough to know that nothing else will find the top of a liquid, and I hope I shall be wise enough to refute the accuracy of DRYDEN's allusion, when he says, that

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
Those who would search for pearls must dive below.

My correspondent's recommendatory hint in favour of satire, a weapon which I seriously do mean to wield, though not perhaps in his fanciful way, reminds me of some lines in COWPER, where a SCRIBLERUS in the satiric school seems prophetically alluded to, and that in so encouraging a way that I cannot help letting my readers partake of the comfortable stimulus I have to become a HORACE or a Juvenal. I beg their particular attention to the last of these lines.

'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
Gath'ring around it with erected ears:
A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd,
Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud;

Just as the sapience of an author's brain
Suggests it safe, or dang'rous to be plain:
Strange how the frequent interjected dash
Quickens a market and helps off the trash;
Th' important letters that include the rest
Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd;
Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
The world is charm'd and SCRIB *escapes the law!*

I cannot however insure my correspondent a compliance with his suggestion in the very next paper; for what that will contain is positively more than I know myself: though it is said that in ancient times the terms *prophet* and *poet* were the same, yet I never heard that a *prophet* was synonymous with an *essayist*, much less with a SCRIBBLER.

TRUE AND FALSE VIRTUE.

A TALE.

HASSAN, among the Eastern youth, was the favourite of the immortal Genii: the soft breath of zephyr was not more gentle than his manners, and his heart was tender and undesigning as the harmless lamb; yet often did a warm imagination mislead his judgment, the fabrications of falsehood could easily gain his credit, and the tale of hypocrisy his tears.

As Hassan, wrapped in reflections, was walking in the gardens of his dwelling, Ibarand, his tutelary Genius, in dazzling radiance burst upon his sight; the Genius caught the hand of the astonished youth, who immediately became light as the inhabitants of air.

Ibarand carried him to a magnificent palace in which, on a richly embroidered sofa, in a deep slumber, lay an aged man, near whom sat a young and lovely female, her cheek pale with sorrow, and her eyes surcharged with tears.

"Yonder fair one," said the Genius, "who bends like a drooping lily, by the couch of her tyrant, was the only hope of a noble house. She loved, but the object of her love was obscure, and her parents disapproved her choice. The chief you now behold made proposals to her —the fortunes of her family were failing, and with tears they intreated her compliance.—One only being on earth did the gentle Serepta detest, and that was the chief who now solicited her love; yet did she bow to the will of her parents, and offered herself a sacrifice at the solemn altar.

"Amiable sufferer! fair victim of obedience!" said Hassan.

The Genius now conveyed him to the seashore, on which lay the lifeless bodies of a woman and four lovely children, who had been drowned, and were washed there by the tide. Ibarand directed the attention of Hassan to a man seated on the bank, by whose side stood two men with countenances expressive of sympathy and concern. "Behold," cried he, "the philosopher Ichanor, the admiration of all Egypt: mark how serene his aspect—the dead bodies you see are those of his wife and children: observe how heroically he sustains his loss."—The philosopher at this moment addressing the men who were with him, "My friends," said he, "you appear to consider "me robbed of the treasures of my soul—do you "suppose that Ichanor has chosen the perishing "children of clay on which to rest his affections? "no, the pursuits of my soul are above mortality, "and I triumph over the wrecks of time."

"Exalted man!" cried Hassan, gazing on him.

The Genius now carried him to a dreary dungeon, where was a female whose countenance exhibited the most lively distress. For some moments she seemed torn by contending emotions. Then casting her supplicating eyes to Heaven, and prostrating herself, "Merciful Power!" she cried, "my soul is about to quit its tenement: O "resign me to death, Thou, who art the renovator "of life!"

"The haughty and cruel Grand Vizier of this "realm," said Ibarand to Hassan, "murdered "with unprecedented barbarity his sister: and a "rumour of the base deed at length reached the "ears of the Sultan, who immediately questioned "him on the subject.—Selima, the female you "now behold, rushed into the mind of the Vi- "zier. She is daughter of a merchant in the "city, and bears so strong a resemblance to what "the murdered lady once was, as to be easily "mistaken for her. Commander of our hearts," said he, "I can quickly refute the calumnies of "my enemies, for so far from having destroyed "my beloved sister, she is now living, and ready "to attest my innocence."

"Let her do it then," said the King, "to- "morrow, in the Divan of justice, and thus shall "thine enemies be put to silence."

The Vizier returned again to his palace, and

in the dead of night caused Selina to be brought before him. "Selina," said he, "you are to personate my sister, whom the people say I have "destroyed: to-morrow in the Divan your must "swear that you are she." Selina bowed her head to the vizier—I will deceive the deceiver, thought she,—I will betray, not skreen, the murderer. "Swear to me, therefore," continued the vizier, "before the face of Heaven, that you "will be faithful to me, and do as I have said— "you conceive not of the riches and honours that "await you."

"Ah! Heaven!" cried Selina, "can I swear "an oath of falsehood? Murderous vizier," continued she, "I will not be the hired wretch to "skreen thy baseness, nor will I enrich myself "by deception and falsehood."

"Thou now see'st," continued Ibarand, "the "consequence of her resolution—in this dungeon "she awaits her death—Ah! see the executioner "enters with the vizier—behold those bags of "gold—again he assails her with temptation, yet "she perseveres—life's struggle will soon be "over!" Thus spoke the Genius, as the severing stroke fell on Selina. "Spirits of Heaven, O, "receive her!" cried Hassan, with enthusiastic ardour.

"Is Hassan struck with admiration," said Ibarand, as they quitted the dungeon, "at the cha- "racters he has seen?"

"He is," answered Hassan.

"Men have a right," said the Genius, "to "judge by appearances: but though these be "their only criterion, they may deceive:" then waving his hand, "appear, ye spirits," cried he, "who led Serepta to unite herself with the rich "and cruel chief." As he spoke a heavy cloud arose before them, on which sat two figures:— "Behold," said the Genius as it passed by, "the "fragile form of weakness leaning on the breast "of affection—In following but a counterfeit vir- "tue," continued Ibarand, "has the wretched "Serepta violated truth by making vows of love "to the object of her hatred. Let us now pene- "trate the motives of Ichanor."

The Genius was silent, and again two figures appeared before them, one of a haughty and aspiring countenance, who was stretching forward for a garland, which was suspended above his head; the other of a distorted and frightful aspect. "By these," said Ibarand, "by ambition and hy- "pocrisy Ichanor is enabled to aspire to the wreath "of Fame: contemplate, Hassan, the deception of "man—mark how, with eyes raised towards "Heaven, he can rivet his thoughts to earth, and "tread the paths of hypocrisy for the shadow "fame. How can the frail children of mor- "tality stand unmoved under such deprivations "as Ichanor has sustained? By thus presuming "to rise above humanity he sinks beneath it, "proving himself a stranger to the endearing "bonds of nature."

A conscious blush suffused the cheek of Hassan. "How have I mistaken hypocrisy for true great- "ness!" said he. "Ah! instruct me, virtuous "Genius, that evil spirits direct not my actions— "that vice assume not the form of virtue to de- "ceive me."

"But let us see by what spirit Selina has been "inspired," said the Genius; and immediately a radiant cloud appeared, on which in glistening robes shone forth the Angel of Truth. The Genius hailed her approach, while Hassan averted his head, unable to bear the refulgent brightness.

P. B.

ON THE MYSTIC POETRY OF THE PERSIANS AND HINDOOS.

THE Eastern nations have always been remarkable for a fervid and allegorical style, not only in their ordinary poetry, but also in the celebration of religious ceremonies, and the exposition of the doctrines on which those ceremonies are founded. To enquire into the origin of early superstitions, and endeavour to remove from the altars of ancient worship the veils and mists that priestcraft has thought fit to place before them, would occupy a larger portion of space than we at present can conveniently afford—in this article, therefore, we purpose only to present a few extracts from the Asiatic poetry, in order that we may trace the workings of fanaticism on ardent minds, and may impart to the English reader some general notion of that zeal, which in different forms, among different nations, and at different periods, has connected sensuality with devotion, and called the thoughts of zealots to heavenly objects, through the medium of Floralian nudities in ancient Rome, of beautiful Magdalenes in Catholic countries, and of all that wine, women, and rhythm could perform, among the warm and thoughtless Asiatics.

The Poems of which we are about to give a sample, and which in fact almost entirely

consist of religious and mystic allegory, appear at first sight to express only the devotion of voluptuousness, and the transports of libertinism. Not that they breathe that indecent and lascivious spirit, by which modern poets have degraded love and disgraced their country—but they have a general warmth of feeling, which, though in all the subsequent instances completely within the bounds of decency, is also in its principle completely Epicurean. We acknowledge the dangers of too metaphorical a style, where the distinction between vice and enthusiasm is almost imperceptible; yet we wish not to censure with severity the poets who have written of religion in that style; because ardour is natural to an uncorrupted mind, strongly impressed with a sense of exalted benefits, and that ardour will sometimes so far mislead the imagination and the judgment, as to cause the production of metaphors and allegories, which often overleap the bounds of reason, and approach the confines of absurdity. We have instances in our own days of popular and pious preachers, who in the heat of zeal succumb beneath the grandeur of their subject, and in their struggles to express the vivacity of their emotions, explain themselves by types of the most ludicrous description.

The Mystic ideas of the Oriental Poets, which they perpetually introduce in almost all their compositions, resemble, in many respects, the poetical theology of Plato and others of the Academic philosophers. Indeed, it is more than probable that several of Plato's ideas on these subjects were founded on the theories which he found to be prevalent in such Eastern countries as he visited. The principal objects of these Oriental poets, are, the elevation and liberation of the soul from terrestrial affairs, whose beauties afford but a faint and shadowed idea of celestial glories. They hold, that the Spirit of God is every where—that he alone is perfect truth and beauty—that to him alone we should attach ourselves—that all beside is vanity. That created spirits are of the same nature with the spirit of God, but infinitely lower in degree—that they are portions of the Divine Being, and that when they were separated from him, they acknowledged that to him they were indebted for existence, and to him they bound themselves by a solemn contract: but that in this, our separate existence, we still remember the primitive happiness which we enjoyed from eternity, and that all conducts us towards the Deity, inspiring us with an ardent wish of returning to our first condition. That our spirit will at some time be again absorbed by the Supreme Soul, and form a portion of the Godhead as before: that sweet music, an agreeable breeze, the perfumes of flowers, renew these ideas of our past felicity, refresh our memory, and fill us with the most soothing emotions. The allegory of the Loves of Crishna and Radha, is entirely formed upon these doctrines, and represents the reciprocal love that subsists between the soul of the creator and the soul of man.

The following passages are extracted from the works of Hafiz, one of the most celebrated of all the Eastern poets:

"In Eternity, which had no beginning, a ray "of thy beauty began to shine: then, love was "born and kindled all nature."

"From the moment when I heard this divine "sentence, '*I have breathed into man a portion* "*of my spirit*,' I have been sure that we were "a part of *him* and *he* of us."

"The sum of all our actions in this universe "is nothing: let them bring us the wine of de- "votion, for all the enjoyments of the world "fade away."

"The true object of our heart and our soul, is "to unite ourselves to our well-beloved—this "object alone really exists, and without it our "heart and our soul could not exist."

"Oh! how happy will be that day, when "quitting this miserable habitation, I shall seek "repose for my soul, and follow the traces of "my well-beloved!"

"Smitten with love of thy beauty, I will dance "like an atom in a sun-beam, until I arrive at "the source and fountain of life, from which, "O sun, thou derivest all thy lustre."

These stanzas, it is easy to suppose, may refer to nothing but the love of God: but surely those which we now translate have some allusion to a less holy love, and an emotion of the senses.

"The inspiring liquor which the zealot calls "the mother of sins, is richer and sweeter to "me than the kisses of a young damsel."

"Wine of two years old, and a damsel of "fourteen, are sufficient for me: Such company "is superior to every other, high or low."

"What pleasure is dancing to the sound of "animated music and the soft melody of the "flute, particularly when we hold a youthful "beauty by the hand!"

"In this age, the only friends exempt from all "reproach, are a bottle of genuine wine, and a "book of pretty love-songs."

"What joy shall I not feel, when my intoxi- "cation will alone be sufficient for me, and "make me independent both of the prince and "of his minister!"

Many zealous admirers of Hafiz pretend that

by wine, he always means devotion: and they have even gone so far as to compose a dictionary of this language. In this vocabulary, *sleep* signifies *meditation on the divine perfections*, and *perfume* means *hope of obtaining the favours of heaven*. A *fresh breeze* is an *emanation of grace*. *Kisses and embraces* are the *extasies of piety*. By *Idolaters*, *Infidels*, *and Libertines*, are meant *persons of the purest religion*—their idol being the Creator himself. A *tavern* is a *private oratory*, and *the innkeeper* is a *sage who imparts instruction*. *Beauty* marks the *perfection of the Supreme Being*. *Tresses* are the *extent of his glory*—*lips*, the *mysteries of his essence*—the *down of the cheek*, the *world of spirits who surround his throne*. Lastly, *gaiety*, *wantonness*, and *intoxication*, are *religious transports*, and a *contempt of all earthly thoughts*. These translations certainly seem a little extraordinary, and without a regular interpretation, one would hardly find out the concealed sense of allegories for sleep. But the poet himself, in several passages, gives ground for such constructions, which must have been considered, at least in the East, as tolerably reasonable, or one would have great difficulty in conceiving that his poem and those of his numerous imitators, would have been tolerated in a Mahometan country; particularly at Constantinople, where these works are revered as sacred writings.

However, the most enthusiastic among the commentators of Hafiz allow that some of his poems must be literally taken. Hafiz never pretended to virtues above human nature, and we know that he had human passions. We will relate a little story to which he himself makes frequent allusions in his odes. In his youth he was passionately fond of a girl called Shakhi Nebat, which signifies *The Stalk of Sugar-cane*. His rival was no less a man than the Prince of Schiraz. At the distance of four Persian leagues from the town of Schiraz, is a place called Pirisebz, or *The Old Green Man*. For a long time it was believed among the people that any youth who should pass forty nights there without sleeping, would infallibly become an excellent poet. Young Hafiz had vowed to serve this apprenticeship with the closest exactness, and had already performed his duty on the mysterious spot for nine and thirty nights. Every morning he walked before the house of his mistress; at noon he took some repose, and the night he always passed in his poetical noviciate. On the morning of the fortieth night he was transported with joy, to see the young lady make a sign to him through the blinds, and invite him to come in. She received him with transport, and declared that she preferred his brilliant genius to all the offers of the King's son—nay, she would have kept Hafiz all night, but he remembered his vow, and resolutely returned to his post. The people of Schiraz add, (and the story is grounded on a couplet in one of the poems of Hafiz,) that the next morning an old man, dress in a green mantle, came to Hafiz at Pirisebz, bringing a cupful of a delicious liquor, which the Greeks would have said was the water of Agaoippe; and that, in order to reward him for his perseverance, the venerable form permitted him to drink this divine and inspiring fluid.

One of the most singular of the allegorical poems that we have mentioned to be so popular throughout the East, is an ode by Ismat. Perhaps it may amuse our readers.

"Yesterday evening, being rather tipsey, I "was passing through a street where there are a "number of public-houses: I was going to meet "the daughter of an unbeliever who deals in "wine.

"When I got to the end of the street, a young "girl came towards me: her cheeks were like "those of a fairy, and her hair, as is usual "with the unfaithful, floated in loose tresses on "her shoulders.

"O thou, said I to her, whose arched eye-"brows have made a slave of the new moon, "which is thy district? Where is thy dwelling?

"Throw away thy rosary, answered she, tie "on thy shoulders the thread of paganism, break "the glasses of piety with pebbles, and drink "deeply of wine—

"Abandoning myself to the desires of my "heart, and the ravishing extasies that swelled "within my breast, I followed her till religion "and reason abandoned me.

"I perceived at some distance a party of peo-"ple whom drunkenness had deprived of their "senses, folks heated by wine and love: they "came toward me with tumultuous shouts.

"They had no cymbals, nor lutes, nor viols; "yet they were full of gaiety and melody: though "they had no wine, nor bottles, nor glasses, "they drank without ceasing.

"When the bridle of restraint escaped from "my hand, I wished to ask a question of these "people, but they said to me, Silence!

"This is not an ordinary temple, at the gate "of which thou canst suddenly arrive; this is "not a mosque whither thou canst come disor-"dered and unconscious: this is the house where "the unfaithful feast: here every one is drunk: "and from the dawn of eternity till the day of "resurrection, here all is extasy. Abandon the "cloister, come to the tavern: lay aside thy

" dervise's attire, and clothe thee in the dress of " libertinism.

" I obeyed; and if thou wouldst resemble Is- " rafil, imitate him, and sell this world and the " world to come, for a drop of pure wine."

The great Maulavi assures us that " these " Eastern Poets burn with desires, but that their " affections have nothing carnal: that the cup " which they circulate is not a material cup, and " that as in their sect all things are of a spiritual " essence, all is mystery in mystery." We will conclude this article with an extract from a work of this author, which is entitled Masnavi.

" Hail, Love, present of heaven, true source " of infinite good! Thy balm gives me life, thy " force sustains me: more wise than Plato, come, " be my guide, my faith, my supreme joy. " Love warms this cold clay with a mysterious " fire, and mountains dance and shake, animated " by young desires!

" Happy is the soul which always swims in " the seas of love! and life is long when it is sus- " tained by celestial food: but can perfection " take up her abode in imperfect forms; Cease, " O my song; and thou world, which art but " vanity, adieu!"

A STORY OF GHOSTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WE wished to know the history of a certain castle, which we saw on an eminence about two leagues from our camp. A peasant told us that it was called Katsentein's Castle; that for many years nobody had had the courage to approach it, for it was haunted; and that access to it was become almost impracticable, from the quantity of brambles and thorns which covered the little mountain upon which it is built. L——, whose attention is always roused by any exploit which promises danger, no sooner heard this circumstance than he eagerly joined the conversation. He beset the rustic with interrogatories; and, all of a sudden, turned to me, and whispered, rubbing his hands, " We must go and pass a night in this castle." " Your most obedient," said I, " and pray what the devil should I do at the castle? We have heard stories enough of false-coiners or robbers concealed under ground; and these kind of gentry never fail to punish curious intruders according to their deserts." " What can happen to us?" replied L——, " we shall be together." While he was saying this, I perceived Th—, him who spent his youth in trying to catch a glimpse of the devil in the quarries of Mont Rouge. He looked at me and tittered. Bis— shook his head; and every eye was fixed upon me. I was piqued; and said to L——, " Well, I consent; but it must be upon condition that the party shall be we two. You wish to seek a formidable adventure; and, by Heaven! you shall achieve it according to all the laws of chivalry: I will be your squire." The rest of the day was passed entirely in the raillery of our companions on our project. We were, at the same time, advised to desist from our mad scheme; but all was in vain. The whole army knew our resolution: right or wrong we meant to follow it.

Towards evening we mounted our horses, each of us armed with his sabre. When we had arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismissed our attendants, with orders to come and seek us the next morning: and then primed our pistols.

I have before told you that we were warned of the difficulties, which the ascent to Katsenstein would throw in our way. You cannot conceive what deep holes we had to evade, what broken-up roads, what rocks; and every thing so strongly defended by briars, that we were obliged to cut out every step of the way with our sabres. Now we were obliged to support each other by the hand; now to push one another along; till at length, by dint of all our labours, we arrived at the gate of the castle. It was fast; we forced it open. We entered into a tolerably large vestibule; we traversed a great many apartments on the ground-floor, in so ruinous a state that we did not think proper to remain in them. We then ascended a staircase which conducted us to the entrance of one of those vast halls, of which one says proverbially, that they are enough to make one afraid of ghosts. In the centre of this place we saw a large table, with seats all around it. " Perhaps," said I to L——, " this is the assembling-hall of these ghostly gentlemen. What hinders us from taking up our lodging here?" L—— approved of my proposition; and as the day declined, we lighted a bougie which we had brought with us. Our situation began, however, to displease us; for to our own dismal reflections, was added a most dreadful dampness which quite

chilled us. At length, just at midnight, we heard a noise which seemed to come from a great distance, and to escape from a certain subterraneous door, before which we had both passed, but which neither of us had dared propose to descend. This noise, as it came nearer to us, augmented; and presently we distinguished a multitude of voices. They were of all kinds, sweet, sharp, hoarse, and shrill; they all spoke together, some in a drawling manner, some with an impetuous rapidity, and some in a lisp; and the whole was intermingled with a clattering of chains. As the good folks who occasioned all this racket mounted the staircase, we rose from our seats. We had scarcely done this, when we saw enter a prodigious number of female spectres, some of them very hideous, and others as pretty. They appeared astonished at our intrusion, but hastened to accost us. They presently surrounded us, making so tremendous a noise, that we were perfectly stunned. As I saw that none of these phantoms meant us any harm, I ventured to run the hazard of speaking to them. At the first movement of my lips, they were all silent. "Ladies," said I, "if my companion and I are in your way here, we can retire." The spectres replied all at once, "No."—"For God's sake," said I, "ladies, one at a time if you wish us to join your conversation." "The gentleman is in the right," said the pleasing voice of a spectre, whose modest air enchanted me; but as often as I examined her, I found that she was beautiful only in her exterior; and that underneath I could distinguish the most hideous form imaginable. "May I venture to ask," replied I, "what you are now, and what you have formerly been?" "Alas! my dear sir," answered she, "I was one of those women who are called gossips. I spent my mornings in quarrelling with my household, part of the afternoon in gadding abroad, and the whole night in playing at cards. I was peevish, slanderous, avaricious, selfish, deceitful: I affected many virtues and practised none. Thus I am the most tormented of all these spirits; and thus I was thrust to the left as soon as I entered." While I was talking with my gossip, L——, who is always gallant, and who had now gained sufficient confidence, was at the other end of the hall, in the midst of a crowd of pretty women. He was telling them stories, and making himself very pleasant, as he generally does. I went and joined him; and being utterly astonished, to find that the infernal regions contained such beautiful objects, I learnt that such seducing damned ones were there only for having before been solely attached to their personal charms: and that their greatest punishment now was, not to be thought pretty by a single devil. As I saw that I had displeased the party by interrupting L——, I walked away to make other enquiries, when a little giddy phantom of an agreeable countenance, placed herself in my way, and threw out a lure at me. I asked her the usual question. She replied: "I was very well off for beauty, as you see; but I tarnished all my powers of pleasing by my coquetry. I played more jades tricks in one day, than I shall be damned for in ages. But I am well punished; I love, (what do I say?) I *adore* the most charming of all possible devils, the most accomplished of them all; and yet, notwithstanding all my tenderness and solicitude, he is insensible to every thing I do to please him." As reformed coquettes are at best but wearisome companions, I soon quitted this lady, and drew near a phantom who appeared rather melancholy. She did not wait for my salutation; but, as soon as I had approached her, said, "You now see the most wretched of all the sufferers here. I had given up a lover the most affectionate, the most perfect; and now I continually fancy myself beholding him, nay I imagine myself to be conversing with him; I am the prey of the most poignant regret, and of the most cutting remorse." "Ah, ah," replied I, "infidelity then receives its punishment in another world!" "Most assuredly," said she, "even that which exists in intention only." "May I venture then," resumed I, "since you appear so obliging, to ask who those two phantoms are who look so forlorn?" "That on this side," returned my afflicted spirit, "was always talking of dress, and of those little nothingnesses which occupy women; she required all the men to listen to her, without permitting them to converse in her presence about any thing else that might be somewhat more interesting: however, as this was no very enormous crime, it was judged sufficient to make her now devote herself to nothing. The other is a woman who never had a gallant. Hence she became puffed up with the most disgusting of all vanities. Do you see how scarce she makes herself? Her virtue is applauded, but the motives for it are very well understood. Here every thing appears as it is. Nobody takes any notice of her; not a soul speaks to her." "That is singular," interrupted I; "in our world we think it wrong for a woman to have a gallant." "She may certainly do better," the phantom replied, "but at least it is her duty to have but one, and to make him happy." "You would do well," said I, "to go and tell this to the world you have left; for as to me, if I were to repeat what you say, nobody would believe a tittle of it." "We are not eager to do that," the shadow

replied, " for you must be aware, that the only consolation of the wretched is to have companions in woe." " But at least you might inform me why you have taken possession of this castle, and why you haunt the place." " The severest punishments have their remission; and this is ours. We are permitted to sally hither every night; but as the miserable are every where miserable, we find a hell even in this relaxation. We never meet with men here; and you know very well what poor work it is, to meet a society composed of nothing but women."

A whistling noise was now heard. The night was going. It was the signal for the dispersion of this motley assembly. We remounted our horses, and on our return to the camp we told this story, but could not get any body to believe a syllable of all these truths.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON PLACE BOOK OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

ANECDOTES, RECOLLECTIONS, AND MEMORANDA.

UNDER the above head, we shall present our readers, from time to time, with various selections, faithfully copied, from the commonplace book of a gentleman of extensive reading. The value of the articles will of course differ, but our aim will be to give such selections only as shall be novel, interesting, and instructive. The present age has been accused of being an age too fond of anecdotes; but when we take into our calculation how deeply we sometimes dive into a character, by the knowledge, perhaps, of a single anecdote, we shall probably be inclined to think more highly of this generally esteemed, yet almost universally decried, branch of literature. No scholar need be told, that the great charm of Plutarch's biography consists in his minute delineation of men, and in his happy introduction of trivial circumstances, familiar to every one's business and feelings, which only acquire importance inasmuch as they relate to persons, who have acted a conspicuous part in the drama of human affairs.

This article will likewise comprise curiosities of literature, notices of scarce books and manuscripts, brief accounts of colleges and academies of the learned, remarkable historical facts, recollections of eminent men, and all that agreeable variety of miscellaneous information which about a century ago rendered the *Anas* so popular in France, a species of publication that has lately been revived here with considerable reputation and success.

Lord Chancellor Bacon was not only one of the most learned, but one of the wittiest men of his age. When M. Cadenet, a Frenchman of tall stature and lofty deportment, was sent on some occasion to compliment James I. and had received his audience, the King enquired of Lord Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador. To this the Chancellor replied, " that he was a " tall proper man." " Yes," said His Majesty, " but what do you think of his head-piece? Is " he a proper person for the office of an ambassa- " dor?" " Sir," said Bacon, " tall men are " sometimes like high houses of four or five sto- " ries, where commonly the uppermost room is " the worst furnished."

Louis IX. who in the catalogue of French kings is called St. Louis, a title conferred on him by the holy see in reward for the valour he displayed in Palestine, was baptised at Poissy, a small town on the Seine, not far from St. Germain en Laye. On his return from the Holy Land, where he had acquired great reputation both by his bravery and by his sufferings, he was asked by his courtiers by what title he chose to be distinguished from the rest of his predecessors after his death, and replied that he desired to be called Louis of Poissy. It being objected, that there were many other places and cities of renown, where he had performed great exploits, and obtained famous victories, and consequently more worthy to give him a name: " No," said he, " I desire to be called Louis of Poissy, because I " there got the most glorious victory that I ever " obtained, for *there I overcame the Devil*;" meaning that he was christened there.

Howell, in his " Familiar Letters," to which he prefixed the appropriate motto, *Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus*, gives the following excellent advice to a kinsman on the subject of marriage. " If you are resolved to marry, " *choose where you love, and resolve to love your* " *choice*; let *love* rather than *lucre* be your guide " in this election: though a concurrence of both " be good, yet for my part I had rather the latter " should be wanting than the first; the one is " the pilot, the other but the ballast of the ship " which should carry us to the harbour of a " happy life."

It is well known that though the use of wine is prohibited by the Mahommedan laws, yet

many Turks do not in the least scruple to indulge themselves in the free enjoyment of the delicious and seducing beverage of the grape. It is related of one of the Turkish emperors, that he had a eunuch who was in constant habits of intoxication! He had twice commanded this man, upon pain of death, to refrain (swearing by Mahomet), that he would cause him to be strangled, if he found him so a third time. The eunuch, however, continued in his drunkenness, which made the emperor conceive that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, or the man would not have preferred it before his life; so he took to the use of wine himself, and became so fond of it, that he died not long afterwards a martyr to his intemperance.

Pope Adrian the Sixth used to say, that physicians were very necessary to a populous country, for were it not for the physicians, men would live so long, and grow so thick, that like neighbouring trees, one could not live for the other.

It is related of Galen, that when he slept, to avoid too long a continuation of his slumbers, he used to lie in such a posture, that having a gold ball in his hand, and a copper vessel underneath, when the ball fell down, the noise would awake him. Howell mentions to have seen in Italy a finger-ring, on which a watch was set, so contrived that, being wound up to a certain hour, it would cause a small pin to prick the person who wore it at an appointed time, and so awake him. This seems to have been a better contrivance than that of Galen.

Charles XII. of Sweden, when he entered Cracow in triumph, paid a visit of respect to the tomb of the great John Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna; and such was his veneration for the memory of that illustrious monarch, that as he hung with reverence over his sepulchre, he is reported to have exclaimed, "*What a pity that "so great a man should ever die!*"

There is not in history an example of greater firmness or more heroic resolution than that shewn by Luther in his conduct with the diet of Worms. When the Emperor Charles V. granted him a safe conduct to appear in that city, his friends remonstrated against his proceeding thither, and reminded him of the fate of John Huss on a similar occasion. But Luther, with that undaunted spirit which accompanied all his actions, silenced his friends by declaring, that he was lawfully cited to appear at Worms, and "thi-"ther will I go," added the intrepid reformer, "though as many devils as there are tiles on the "houses were combined against me."

As he could not be prevailed upon, either by threats or entreaties, to retract his opinions, some of the Romish clergy, with that scandalous sophistry which deemed that faith ought not to be kept with heretics, proposed to imitate the example of the council of Constance, and to condemn Luther to the flames. But as the members of the Diet were startled at another violation of the public faith, and as Charles peremptorily refused to stain his administration by such an ignominious action, Luther was permitted to retire in safety, and happily completed that reformation of religious opinions, which detached so large a portion of Europe from the tyranny and encroachments of the church of Rome.

It is perhaps not generally known, that Parnel's beautiful poem of the Hermit is taken from Sir Philip Herbert's "Conceptions to his son:" and the parable against persecution, usually attributed to Dr. Franklin, is to be found verbatim in Jeremy Taylor's "Discourse on the Liberty of Pro-"phesying."

The second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society, contains among many other absurdities, which better information has exploded, the following query:—"Whether "near the fort of Ternate there be a plant called "by the inhabitants *Catopa*, whence fall little "leaves, which are turned into butterflies?"

There is an ancient legend preserved by the Spanish historians, which attributes the conquest of their country by the Moors, in the early part of the eighth century, to the following circumstances: Don Rodrigo, one of the Visigothic kings of Spain, who then kept his court at Malaga, employed as his ambassador to Barbary, Count Julian, a nobleman who had a daughter of exquisite beauty that was maid of honour to the queen. The king, seeing her one day in the garden of his palace, became violently enamoured of her, and ultimately accomplished his wishes. The young lady resenting this dishonour, sent notice of it to her father in Barbary, under the following allegory:—"There was a fair green apple upon the "table, and the king's poniard fell upon it, and "cleft it in two." Don Julian, apprehending the meaning, procured letters of revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so ingratiated himself with the king, that he obtained unbounded influence over him. Amongst other things, he advised the king, that as he was now at peace with all the world, he should dismiss his gallies and garrisons that were scattered up and down the sea-coasts, and maintained at a superfluous charge. This being complied with, and the country being left open to the mercy of an invader, he prevailed with the king to have leave to go with his lady to see their friends at Tarragona, a distance of three hundred miles. Having re-

sided there a short time, the lady feigned to be sick, and so sent to petition the king that her daughter Donna Cava, whom they had left at court to gratify the king's passion, might be permitted to come to attend on her mother. Cava came, and the gate through which she went forth is called after her name in Malaga to this day. Don Julian now having all his family about him, sailed over to Barbary, and afterwards brought over the king of Morocco with an army, who suddenly invading Spain, lying open and defenceless, conquered it. Don Rodrigo died gallantly in the field, but what became of Count Julian, who for a private revenge betrayed his country, history makes no mention. A few years before this happened, Rodrigo came to Toledo, where under the great church there was a vault hung with huge iron doors, which none of his predecessors dared to open, because there was an old propheey, *That when that vault was opened, Spain should be conquered*: but Rodrigo, slighting the propheey, caused the doors to be broke open, in hopes of finding some treasure within; instead of which there was nothing found but the pictures of Moors, of such men who a little after fulfilled the propheey.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

TRISTIA, OR THE SORROWS OF PETER;

ELEGILS TO THE KING, LORDS GRENVILLE, PETTY, ERSKINE, THE BISHOP OF LONDON, MESSRS. FOX, SHERIDAN, &c. &c.

BY P. PINDAR, ESQ.

THIS book is small, and takes but little time in the perusal—but we see no reason why even a little of so precious a commodity as time should be totally thrown away. We will present our readers with the beauties of this work, which we shall be able to comprise in a very few lines: and let them not consider us as acting in opposition to our own axiom in favour of time-saving, when we say a few words on the demerits of the publication before us. The previous fame of Peter Pindar demands this sacrifice of time and paper;—besides, we are paid for reading the new books, and it would be a very swindling business in us to take our money for the labour of perusal, and then compel our friends and the public to read bad works for themselves, when they must read gratis.

With the same sensations that the lover in Madame Genlis's novel is supposed to have felt, when he beheld the object of his affections just recovered from the small-pox, and despoiled of all her former beauty, did we toil through this our interview with Peter Pindar. The roses of mental health, and the beams of intellectual animation, appear to have deserted him for ever: and now he comes before us with a sallow meagre complexion, which bespeaks pain in the bearer, and inflicts disappointment on the beholder.

This volume is principally composed of two subjects—self-praise, and abuse of the British Critic. In a long string of rhyming, we cannot say poetical, epistles, he calls upon the Great Personages enumerated in his title-page, to give him a share of the loaves and fishes—for he thinks "there are some very pretty places that he could "fill, at least that would fill him." Probably there are many other of his Majesty's liege subjects very much of the same way of thinking with regard to themselves, and perhaps too with very much more justice. After a long time spent in cracking out political and poetical fire-works at the head of the King, Peter Pindar very modestly steps forward, and asks his Majesty to reward him for his abuse. Either he has a most exalted opinion of human placability, or he has a most exalted opinion of his own merits—of the latter we should rather think—for scarcely ever did poet pour forth such fulsome panegyric on a patron who had promised him a dinner, as Peter Pindar produces on himself because his satire has sometimes spoilt the dinners of other men. Perhaps he will say that all his panegyric on himself is merely done in the way of joke. But even if that be the case, we cannot help thinking rather poorly of a man's wit who is obliged to make use of one joke through two-thirds of a volume. No, no—it has been said, "Lay on your praise, though it be flattery, but thickly enough, some of it is certain to stick like truth." And Peter has praised himself profusely in joke, making sure that some of his commendations would stick in earnest. He may put on as much rouge as he likes, under pretence of acting, but we cannot now give him credit for a fine colour off the stage.

"What's Virtue, without *Fortune* to support it,"
Says Horace—"viler than the vilest weed."
What Genius, grant *sublime*, yet who will court it?
The world enquires not who can *write* or *read*.

We will not comment on this insinuation about his own virtue, which leads to other insinuations broader still, nor dwell particularly on the happy habit of printing certain words in italics, that the reader may suppose some wit or novelty is lurking about the page: but we will just ask our readers whether they can explain the third of the foregoing lines: Is "*Grant*" a verb or a noun? Does "Grant *sublime*" mean "allowing it to "be *sublime*," or does it mean "gift *sublime*?" The idea in the fourth line also seems to be rather mistaken, even according to his own principles: for it is Genius about which no one enquires, not writing and reading; these are matters of business, about which every prudent housewife does in fact enquire, when she hires a cook. —Genius may be overlooked, but as to writing and reading, all the world now a-days, like Dogberry, almost expects them to come by nature. But the italics create a point, and from that point "*disce omnes*," for the rest are about as good!

Our Author, in the course of his volume, mentions the unfortunate fates of Homer, Milton, Otway, Dryden, Butler, Cervantes, and Le Sage, as parallel cases to his own; thinks that he deserves reward as well as Cowper, and prophesies his attainment of it from Bonaparte. He writes an Elegy to Lord Erskine, devoid of all merit except the name of his Lordship at the head of it, and the merit that Peter ascribes to himself. He claims the relationship of genius with Mr. Fox, and the brotherhood of wit with Mr. Sheridan. He personifies Wisdom, to give her an opportunity of paying compliments to Peter Pindar: he calls himself a honeyed Poet, and compares himself to the bee. After a hundred servile petitions, degrading to him both as a poet and as a man, he imitates the fox in the fable, damns the grapes, and descants on the charms of Independence.

The other great feature of the work is the author's antipathy to the writers in Rivington's British Critic, originating, we suppose, in the natural hostility that must *of course* exist between persons of political principles so diametrically opposite. The Reviewers have not been kind to Peter; and Peter, in a great number of poems distinguished from one another by no single characteristic, not even by an accidental preponderance of dullness, attacks Mr. Rivington's Cerberi in their treble capacities of Parsons, Reviewers, and Museum-keepers. The Reverend trio must, however, be very thin-skinned indeed, if Peter's sting can reach their nerves. But the secret is out, when we read his Elegy to the Bishop of London, for there we discover that Peter's motive for wishing to displace these gentlemen from the guardianship of the Museum, is that he may get a situation there himself.

Peter Pindar was always exceedingly careless in his versification, forgetting that the humour of a doggrel construction consists not in letting the lines run as lazily as they will, but in finding unexpected and whimsical rhymes. He is in this volume as careless as ever. The difficulty would not be to give examples of this carelessness, but to find instances of any thing except carelessness. In his grammar he has been also extremely neglectful: as in the following stanza, where he speaks of himself:

Pleas'd, on his tombstone, could'st thou read these words:
"Here lies the Bard of humour, wit, and whim:
"Who, tho' he sweetly smiled on earth's great Lords,
"Did ne'er bestow a single smile on him."

According to the grammatical construction, the word "who" is relative to the substantive "Bard," and nominative to the verb "did bestow." The bard who did ne'er bestow. But by the sense it evidently appears that the persons who did ne'er bestow a smile on the Bard, is not the Bard himself, but the great Lords. Afterwards, (but that mistake we suppose he makes for the rhyme's take) he gives us a singular verb after two copulated substantives, and says,

Thy *converse* and thy *bloom delights*.

Among other precious morsels of wit and pathos, Peter regales us with a poem of seventy-six lines, of which the former half are composed by ringing the changes on that very old joke, Mrs. Fortune is an inaccessible jade, but her daughter Miss Fortune is easily met with; and the latter part consists of that *new and original strain of poetry*, in which a lover talks of "touching lyres in a bower," and "learning moral lessons from a rill." In the same style of *pastoral sweetness* are the lines on the death of a celebrated Musician, and the Song to Laura. There is another Song to a Coquette, the last lines of which seem to convey a point; but we cannot understand them.

Dear Phyllis, thou know'st not thy charms,
That thy cheek boasts the bloom of the rose,
That thine eye, by its lustre, alarms,
That thy bosom surpasses the snows.

Thou know'st thou hast wit at thy will;
Yet from wit, often prudence departs;
Thus furnish'd with weapons to kill,
Thou daily art murd'ring poor hearts.

Not safely a swain can pass by,
Thou art ready his steps to beguile;
Some lure is thrown out from thine eye,
Some lure from a song or a smile.

O learn from the Minstrel of night
A lesson to govern the maid!
Though he fills ev'ry ear with delight,
He sings amid silence and shade.

Does this last stanza mean that the maid is to put out her eyes which create her lustre, in order that she may sing in the dark, and without the adventitious aids of beauty?

His panegyrics even on himself scarcely surpass the fustian of this fulsome compliment to the Duchess of Roxburgh, introduced without the smallest preparation, without ornament, and without necessity.

Thrice happy Scotia, blest by Ossian's birth,
And graced by her, who every heart allures;
Invite me to that pleasant spot of earth,
And happy let me touch the lyre at Fleurs.

Let us now keep our word with our readers, and shew them the few beauties that are to be found in this volume. Among these we must class

Lines to Lord Nelson, with his Lordship's Night-cap that caught fire on the Poet's Head at a Candle, as he was reading in Bed at Merton.

Take your Night-cap again, my good Lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

This epigram too, to Chloe, is neat enough:

Ah! tell me not that I grow old,
That love but ill becomes my tongue;
Chloe! by me thou ne'er wert told,
Sweet damsel, that thou wert too young.

The only remaining *original* beauty which we can particularise is the Elegy to Jessica. It is too long to be inserted entire, but we select the following stanza:

By the splendour of riches and power
Sweet Innocence oft is undone—
Unguarded, too, many a flower
Has sunk by the rays of the Sun.

But there are several other ideas scattered through the work, for which "the Poet" might claim approbation if they were his own: for instance, an Elegy to a Friend, which is in fact only an unconscionable dilatation of the well-known lines in Horace,

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

In another Elegy to a Friend, we find him complaining that the conformation of his own heart is ill adapted to the sphere that he must live in; but Jaffier, long before him, observed that when the means of gratification were not within his reach, he was very unfortunate to have been created with

Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires.

Gray has written

And heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride.

Peter Pindar writes,

And loads the shrines of Luxury and Pride.

The Elegy to Lord Henry Petty strongly resembles the 31st ode of the first book, and the 10th ode of the 2d book, of Horace, and indeed many more odes of the same author. A great number of other plagiarisms may be found, which, if the pressure of more interesting articles would permit us, we would enumerate to our readers.

But after all, there is one praise which Peter Pindar may justly assume to himself, and that is for the appropriate selection of his title—Tristia literally signifies, Sad things!

HORATIUS.

CLASSIC TALES, SERIOUS AND LIVELY;

WITH CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE MERITS AND REPUTATION OF THE AUTHORS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE publication before us is the first number of a promised series of tales, selected from the most admired authors of our country. It is adorned with a print from Mackenzie's tale of Louisa Verroni, beautifully engraved, but we think a little out of drawing in the lower part of the re-

cumbent figure. The contents are Louisa Verroni, and La Roche, both by Mackenzie: the Disabled Soldier, the Strolling Player, and the Man in Black, by Goldsmith. The productions of each author are preceded by "*A Critical Essay on his "Merit and Reputation.*" We do not pledge ourselves to review the subsequent numbers, but we have thought it expedient to notice the commencement of a publication which avows for its object, the general diffusion of literature and criticism.

Mr. Hunt, the editor of the work, and the writer of "*The Critical Essays,*" is a young man who has lately made himself known to the public, by many vigorous criticisms in a Sunday newspaper, called the *News*, in which he has lashed the actors and dramatic authors of the present day, with a most impartial fury: and now, having, like a destructive fire in an open country, burnt up all the furze and flowers in the theatrical field, he is determined to take a new direction, and flame against periodical essayists, and didactic poets. Mr. Hunt appears to be a young person of strong natural understanding; but it is so shadowed by a cloud of vanity and self-importance, that its rays, though now and then perpendicularly and hotly darted, are frequently unfelt, and sometimes totally obscured. He has now laid open for his iron pen a tablet of great extent, comprising in its future pages no less a space than the whole field of English literature; and if he will learn to be a little less decisive and arrogant in his opinions, and a little more attentive to the immediate subject of his essay; if he will investigate the merits of his author, and not draw us off by theories of his own; we think it likely that time and experience may render Mr. Hunt a useful and even considerable critic. Young critics are apt to entertain too exalted an idea of excellence, and form a standard of merit unattainable by human endeavour; all that falls short of these notions they cry down as contemptible and puerile. Now we grant that a *poet* should raise to himself a standard much higher than it is probable he will reach; as a swimmer, in crossing a rapid stream, allows for the strength of the current, and aims at a spot beyond that where he means to land: but a critic should make concessions for the infirmities of human nature, and never kick at merit because it is not perfection. The young and inexperienced are always aiming at broad reform: but the mellowing hand of time softens their asperity, and having taught them how little in life is really good, disposes them to relish that little when they find it. True criticism is not so cold as men in general suppose it—and the poet does not more require feeling to enrich and exalt his ideas than the critic requires it to appreciate them.

In most of Mr. Hunt's observations on Mackenzie, particularly where he treats him as an essayist, we heartily agree: perhaps, however, he estimates Julia de Roubigné too highly, and somewhat undervalues the Man of Feeling. But it is on Goldsmith that he has been letting fly his heaviest artillery, and sometimes with too much truth. Yet here he displays his usual trait, an extraordinary eagerness for censure, and selects all the feeble lines in the Traveller, by way of proving his own acumen. Does Mr. Hunt suppose that an argumentative poem, like a descriptive one, can be invariably striking? If we are never disgusted with absurdity, and frequently delighted with beauties, shall we complain because the chain of an argument debars us from any thing beyond good sense conveyed in good English? Prosaic lines must *necessarily* intervene, and if it were not *necessary* to introduce them, it would be *politic*: for in a poem of which every line should contain some pointed axiom, or some bright idea, the chain of argument would be frequently lost, and with difficulty regained. Dr. Johnson long ago observed that there must be some ordinary cement to hold the precious jewels of a crown together. But what are the lines which Mr. Hunt selects? Not lines that any reader who was not hunting for defects would notice as particularly mean, although they cannot be admired for energy. We subjoin them:

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share.—

Till carried to excess in each domain.—

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies.—

And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.—

That opulence departed leaves behind.—

From these the feeble heart, and long fall'n mind,
An easy compensation seem to find.—

Yet let them only share the praises due.—

Speaking of Goldsmith's enquiry into the state of polite learning, Mr. Hunt rather incongruously takes an opportunity of combating Goldsmith's arguments for the doctrine of a decay of letters in 1759, by reciting the operation of the French revolution and other causes that did not exist till 1790. For in a disturbed government, Mr. Hunt observes that a people cannot indulge a taste for literature, since the public safety must always precede the public pleasure. In this last axiom

we agree with him: but we cannot assent to the opinion that arbitrary power is the most genial climate for ability, though he backs the statement by an assertion that there is scarcely a Roman genius who did not flourish in the most arbitrary times. What does Mr. Hunt think of Cicero and Lucretius?

The gentleman cannot make himself comfortable in his new province of Editor, without emitting a flying curse against the foes whom he has been accustomed to belabour so severely in his hebdomadal essays. We now find him riding across the field of battle, and, still as he gallops upon his Pegasus, cutting at the enemies whom he has before attacked. He tells us, that the names of Reynolds, Cherry, and Dibdin, have now, like those of Shadwell and Flecknoe, become byewords for want of genius. With submission to so decisive a critic, we beg leave to suggest it as our opinion, that there is more genius in the *Will* and the *Dramatist* of Reynolds, than in the theatrical criticisms of all the play-house loungers in London; and one good proof of that is the length of time during which the stage has been tenanted by Reynolds's plays, and Reynolds's imitators—for he has been the father of a new school—eccentric undoubtedly, but undoubtedly diverting. Mr. Dibdin is indeed far inferior to Mr. Reynolds; but Mr. Dibdin is not to be despised. A strong comic situation is scarcely contemptible: and there is some merit even in a good pun. Mr. Cherry we resign to the fangs of Mr. Hunt; for a man who has written the worst comedy, the worst farce, and the worst opera that ever escaped damnation, has a diversity of dramatic demerit, entitling him to a critical notice, which if he had written but one piece, he would not have been sufficiently important to deserve.

Mr. Hunt is unwarrantably fastidious in his remarks on the plays of Goldsmith himself: but in treating of Goldsmith's other works, he has spoken with tolerable fairness. We were surprised on perusing these essays of Mr. Hunt, to find that they contain so little of imagination, and so little of humour; we had been led by a recollection of some of his productions, to hope that he would soften the austerity of criticism by some exalted flight or some comic sally: but we have been grievously disappointed, and can find nothing but dry decision. Mr. Hunt seems to think that a positive and bold assertion is the strongest evidence by which a man can prove his ability: but he should recollect, that dogmatical assertion from a man who has not established his claim to dictatorial authority, provokes the disgust rather than the admiration of the readers. And in order to raise himself in the public opinion, and prove his competency to direct the town, he relates, that amidst the general neglect of genius that distinguishes the great men of the present day, "the disinterestedness of a "noble Lord, at the head of the privy council, "attended to the glimmerings of *his* boyish *genius*, "and encouraged *his* early despondency:" from which he makes it very clear to his readers, that men of *extraordinary merit* need not yet despair.

When Mr. Hunt begins to think a little less highly than at present he appears to think of his own genius, he will probably think more highly of the genius of others. Perhaps his opinions will in time be softened by experience, which he is pleased, though we cannot understand his meaning, to denominate "*The Logic of Fact*;" and then, we repeat it, he may become a valuable critic.

HORATIUS.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ICELANDIC, ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, AND GERMAN; TO WHICH IS ADDED, MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

BY THE HON. WM. HERBERT.

THE principal matter of these volumes is the Icelandic Poetry, which is presented to us in an English habit. Mr. Herbert appears to have bestowed extraordinary pains on this part of his work, in selecting, annotating and versifying: but we are not of opinion that his labours will form a very valuable addition to the poetical stores of his country. The ancient mythology of Greece and Rome is become so exceedingly stale and common place, that it hangs within the reach of every verse-making school-boy, and of course has been by every verse-making school-boy employed till it has become as tedious to the reader as easy to the writer; a very usual consequence of easy writing. It appeared then that we wanted fresh fields where we might gather fresh flowers, and Mr. Herbert has accordingly conducted us into a new region. But there we are driven into another extreme, for if the ancient mythology of the classics has become too common-place, the new

machinery of Iceland is altogether as much too remote and difficult of apprehension. Mr. Herbert has indeed opened to us new magazines of tropes and new sources of allusions; but those tropes are too stubborn, and those allusions too complicated to be useful to the English poet. These translations do not explain themselves: in order to gain even a notion of their general structure, we are obliged to dive into notes referring us to other glossaries, that appear to defy at once our patience and our understanding. What we are able to comprehend by no means pays us for our trouble: for we do not find stories as interesting, or characters as marked as those of Hesiod and Ovid. Indeed there seem to be no settled opinions as to the functions of the Icelandic divinities, who are all of them, if possible, still less amiable than the gods of our school-masters. Thus Odin is by some taken for the supreme deity, by some for the Sun, and by some for the God of Battles: and we have all the confusion which is always created by accounts of exploits performed by different heroes or gods of the same name. Such confusions are extremely favourable to the researches of those antiquarians who are eager to reconcile every mythological system with that of the Greeks: but that our old friends the Grecian Gods are injured by the comparison to such brutal deities as the Northern Giant-killers, we cannot help complaining even though we remember the copious libations of blood which the birchen-sceptred priests of Eton and Westminster have poured at the shrine of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo. It is impossible to expect much suavity, interest, or poetical merit of any kind, from a theology which makes the following account of the creation a part of its creed:

"Of Ymc's flesh was the earth created,
"Of his sweat the sea, the hills of his bones,
"The meadows of his hair, and of his head the
"heavens,
"And of his eyebrows the blithe Gods made
"Midgard for the sons of men, and of his
"brains
"Were all the hard-tempered clouds created."

"When the sons of Bör walked on the sea
"strand, they found two trees, and of these
"they formed mankind. The first gave breath,
"the second life, the third hearing and sight;
"and the man was called Askr, and the woman
"Emla. From them sprung mankind, to whom
"a habitation was given under Midgard. After
"that they made Asgard in the middle of the
"world. There dwelt Odin and the race of
"those from whom our race is descended."
Midgard is the boundary between the Asi and Jotuns or Giants. See the Edda of Snorro.

We do not make these observations with a view to undervalue Mr. Herbert—but we think he would have acted more judiciously, if he had given us a well-digested account of the Northern fable, and illustrated that account by such translations as he has spread through this volume, than he now appears to have acted in presenting poems, and lighting them up by notes. These notes, however satisfactory they may be to persons who have previous knowledge in Northern literature, are scarcely sufficient for the instruction of English readers in general; and probably most of those who shall take up the translations of Mr. Herbert, even though they labour ever so diligently through the annotations, will get to the end of the volumes with little information on the fabulous history of the North, beyond the recollection of a few hard names. Though we do not conceive, upon the whole, that much would be added to the stores of poetry by the developement of Icelandic productions, yet in the library of the antiquarian and man of general literature, a work must be very desirable that should exhibit the state and progress of mental improvement, in a nation from which England is supposed to have imbibed many of her early customs and ideas. Mr. Herbert appears to be extremely well qualified for the production of such a work: and his accuracy and neatness in poetical translation would soften the harshness of dry detail, by the introduction of some of the most striking passages of northern verse transfused into his native language.

We think it necessary to give our readers a specimen of the Icelandic taste, and of Mr. Herbert's powers of translation: and for this purpose we select the former part of Vegtam's Song, or the Descent of Odin, an Ode in Sæmund's Edda, which will probably be the most interesting to our readers, because the remainder of it has been imitated by Gray, through the medium of a translation in Bartholinus.

The Gods did all to council crowd,
The Goddesses talk'd fast and loud;
And this the theme of their debate,
If Balder's dreams were big with fate.
Heavy the hero's slumbers were,
Joy seem'd in sleep to disappear;
To mystic shrines the Giants press,
And ask if this bodes new distress.
The shrines have said, that Uller's friend,*
The loveliest, to death must tend:
Frigga and Suafner† grieving hear,
And Gods debate with anxious fear;

* Balder. † A name for Odin.

They send, and sue all things to seal
The peace with oaths for Balder's weal:
All nature swore to hold from strife:
Frigga took pledges for his life.
Yet did the Lord of Slaughter* fear,
The sprites of joy must disappear;
He call'd the Gods, and counsel sought;
But each propos'd a different thought.
" Uprose the King of men with speed,
" And saddled straight his coal black steed,"
&c. &c. &c.

See Gray's poem.

" Frigga, when she took the oaths of all na-
" ture," says Mr. Herbert in the notes, " over-
" looked the misletoe. Loke, having ob-
" served this, maliciously persuaded Hoder to
" dart a branch of it at Balder, which proved
" fatal to him. Vali, or Ali, the son of Odin
" and Rinda, revenged his death by slaying
" Hoder, which wonderous feat he performed
" when he was but one night old. It is not
" certain what Odin means by the question con-
" cerning the weeping virgins; but it has been
" supposed that it alludes to the embassy, after-
" wards sent by Frigga, to try to redeem Balder
" from the infernal regions, and that Odin be-
" trays his divinity by mentioning what had not
" yet happened. The object of this embassy
" was frustrated by the perfidy of Loke, who
" having assumed (as was supposed) the shape
" of an old woman, refused to join in the ge-
" neral petition, by which failure the spell was
" rendered ineffectual; but the Gods, having
" with difficulty made Loke their prisoner,
" bound him with a strong chain which he will
" not break till the end of the world, or (as
" the Icelanders call it) the twilight of the
" Gods. To this the prophetess alludes in the
" last stanza."

The Edinburgh Review has treated Mr. Herbert with a want of wit and acuteness, which is not very customary in that publication, and a liberality which is at least *as unusual*. But it has given ample documents with regard to antient poetry, and made so many extracts from the Northern translations of Mr. Herbert, that when we consider the almost universal circulation of that Review, we conceive it unnecessary to lay before our readers any further selections from the Icelandic poetry. Let us now say something of the other translations, and of the original verses.

The style of Mr. Herbert has generally more of neatness in it than of sweetness; and though absurd and useless epithets are seldom introduced to supply the want of an idea or a syllable, yet many of his lines require a forced emphasis, before it will be possible for one who shall hear them recited, to distinguish the character of metre to which they belong. Mr. Herbert too appears to be deficient in the great art of poetry, that indescribable fascination which leads us insensibly forward, till arriving at the end of the volume, we close it with regret. It is true that throughout the present publication, we find but little that we can strongly blame, and even little that we can denominate weak or commonplace: but there is a strain of dry truth and stiff strength, that seems for ever to shut out the approach of romance and feeling. We are not among those critics who most admire a Pegasus always so tightly reined, that though he does not sink into insignificance, he cannot mount into grandeur; for while he loses the power of galloping astray, he loses also the ease of elegant action. We would always more willingly witness the natural grace of a French country dance, and run the hazard of too lively a bound or too sudden a courtesy, than sit in a dancing school, where upright misses are imprisoned in collars, though we are certain that they cannot make too quick a bend, or poke their heads upon their necks. The power of imparting interest is that real and sublime gift which alone can never be acquired by labour, how much soever it may be assisted by art; and this secret magic, this girdle of Venus, which can give grace to faults themselves, we fear Mr. Herbert will never obtain. As an instance of his harshness, we extract a part of the speech of Lusignan from the Zaire of Voltaire. Englishmen are not used to heroic sentiments in this metre; but it is undoubtedly that in which harmony may be most easily produced, because it most resembles the cadence of conversation.

My God, I have fought sixty years for thy fame,
Seen thy temple demolish'd, and perish thy name:
Twenty years my sad vows in a dungeon were
pour'd,
My tears for my children thy mercy implor'd,
And when thou restor'st them, to double my woe,
When I find a lost daughter, I find her thy foe:
My child! dearest object in death's latest pains,
Think at least of the proud blood which flows in
thy veins:
Of Christian kings 'tis the pure martyr'd blood,
'Tis the blood of true heroes, who fought for our
God.

Turn thine eyes: near this dome, thy fell master's
abode,
Near this impious dome is the tomb of thy God,
And the mount, to atone for the sins of mankind,
Where to traitors unholy his life he resign'd,

* Odin.

Then arose again living. Thou canst not move round
Without tracing thy God in this thrice hallow'd ground;
Thou canst not remain without cursing his word,
Renouncing thy Father, denying thy Lord.

How inferior are the seventh, and three following lines to those of the original! they lose at once the poetry, the climax, and the meaning.

Ma fille, tendre objet de mes dernieres peines,
Songe au moins, songe au sang qui coule dans tes veines;
C'est le sang de vingt rois, tous Chrétiens comme moi,
C'est le sang des héros, défenseurs de la loi,
C'est le sang des martyrs!

My daughter, tender object of my latest cares, think at least, think of the blood which flows in thy veins; it is the blood of twenty kings, all Christians like me; it is the blood of heroes, defenders of the law; it is the blood of martyrs!

How would Voltaire have grieved, if he had known that his beautiful verses would be rendered by such a line as,

Of Chris-ti-an kings 'tis the pure martyr'd blood!

In the concluding lines also of the speech the climax is ruined in the same way:

Tu ne saurais marcher dans cet auguste lieu,
Tu n'y peux faire un pas sans y trouver ton Dieu,
Et tu n'y peux rester sans renier ton pere,
Ton honneur, qui te parle, et ton Dieu qui t'éclaire.

Thou canst not walk on this hallowed ground, thou canst not move a foot, without meeting thy God! Thou canst not remain without renouncing thy Father, thy honour which speaks to thee, and thy God who enlightens thee!

Which of our readers is there who does not remember these beautiful lines in Horace?

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urguet—
Pone sub curru nimicum propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negata—
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Mr. Herbert has translated them:

O place me where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murm'ring riv'lets glide around.

Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day;
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray!

Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.

Here are four lines, two of them, by the bye, very weak, manufactured from the simple words, I will love Lalage, sweetly smiling, and sweetly speaking. This Ode has been perpetually translated and imitated, but never, we think, with much success, except in the Beggar's Opera:

Were I plac'd on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm, amidst eternal snows,
Too soon the half year's night would pass,
And I would love thee all the day, &c.

Mr. Herbert has translated the Sparrow of Catullus, another common exercise for young poets, but we cannot point out much merit or many faults in his version. The Acme and Septimius of the same author he has also imitated, but in a style very far inferior to the most noted translator of that poem, Cowley. Having already given an extract from the Latin translations, and feeling it necessary to subjoin some lines from other parts of Mr. Herbert's poems, we forbear from inserting the two versions; but we recommend it to the curious reader to take the trouble of comparing them, and we have little doubt that he will agree with us in our preference of Cowley.

Our author appears to have taken great pains to prove the universality of his acquaintance with the languages. We find in these two little volumes translations into English from the Icelandic, the Latin, the Spanish, the Danish, the Italian, the German, and the French; and translations from the English into several of the same languages, and two or three even into Greek. The Greek version of a passage in Ossian's Berrathon is among Mr. Herbert's most fortunate efforts; the versification is evidently formed upon the style of Homer, and must be allowed to be a happy imitation of the idiomatic turn and majestically rolling melody, that so strongly mark the writings of the Grecian poet. After the indifferent samples of Mr. Herbert's translation which we have hitherto been transcribing, we will give a specimen that we have selected as peculiarly favourable. It is a translation from Casimir Sarbievius.

The snow that crowns each mountain's brow
And whitens every spray,
From each high rock and loaded bough
Will quickly melt away,

Soon as the sun's reviving ray
Shall warm the northern gale;
And zephyrs mild their wings display,
To wanton in the vale.

When Time upon thine aged brow
Shall shed the fatal show'r,
The hoary frost, the chilling snow,
Will melt from thence no more.

Quick Summer flies, and Autumn's suns,
And Winter's cheerless gloom,
In changeful turn each season runs,
And Spring breathes new perfume.

Unchang'd o'er us the tempest low'rs,
Till Death's last hour arrives;
Nor robe, nor garland deck'd with flow'rs
The bloom of life revives.

What Youth on us but once bestows
Age once shall snatch away;
But Fame can stop the fatal blows,
And double life's short day.

Long shall he live, whose bright career
Deserv'd a patriot's sigh:
All else flies with the fleeting year,
But Fame can never die.

Of the original poems we cannot speak in terms of commendation. They have little novelty and little sweetness. Indeed one of them, written on the peace of Amiens, which is intended to be very pathetic, and composed in imitation of the "Flowers of the Forest," in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, is to us most exceedingly ludicrous. Putting the politics of the thing quite out of the question, what shall we think of such doggrel as this on Lord Sidmouth?

But her pilot all fearful,
With eyes sad and tearful,
Has struck on the shallows avoiding the tide,
And the waters quick rising,
Her glories despising,
Will loose all her timbers and break o'er her side.

I've heard the loud thunder
Which made Europe wonder,
When our navy rode free o'er the boisterous seas,
I've heard the war sounding,
The wide world confounding,
But sweeter than treacherous carol of peace.

Each ancient alliance,
With feeble compliance,
Abandon'd a prey to a renegade's sway;
The pow'r of France growing—
All thrones to her bowing;
The tackle which held us is all cut away.

Here we have a very comical picture of poor Lord Sidmouth crying on board his ship of state, and the ship itself lying aground. But surely a ship aground is rather an unlucky metaphor for a country, which, amidst all its defeats at land, has been triumphant over every opposition on the seas. Having paused for a minute or two in order to enjoy or admire the harmony and dignity of the second stanza, we come to the old topic of abuse —Bonaparte; and for him Mr. Herbert has found a new term of reproach, calling him a renegade. Now, a renegade means a turn-coat, a traitor: but how has Bonaparte deserved these titles? "Let not your anger, my dear, break "through the rules of decency."

Of the other original poems, the best is that which is termed a riddle—only it is *not* a *riddle*, for every school girl will be sure to guess it in a moment.

We have thus endeavoured to give a general idea of Mr. Herbert's production in his treble capacity of an antiquarian, a translator, and an original poet. And we may now repeat, generally, that as an antiquarian we think he has chosen an injudicious shape for the communication of his researches: that as a translator, he is frequently hard, and uninteresting; and that as an original poet, he seldom exceeds mediocrity. Yet these observations admit of exceptions, and there are many passages of great strength, and many of considerable neatness. C.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE; OR, THE GROANS OF SAMUEL SENSITIVE AND TIMOTHY TESTY: WITH A FEW SUPPLEMENTARY SIGHS FROM MRS. TESTY.

IN TWELVE DIALOGUES.

WE never remember to have felt our hearts beating in response to Rochefoucault's celebrated but villainous maxim, "*Il y a quelque chose* "*dans les malheurs de nos amis qui ne nous dé-* "*plait pas*," till we took up the Miseries of Human Life, which have pleased us much, and will probably please ninety-nine in a hundred. The dialogues, which serve as the vehicle to these Groans, are carried on by the personages enumerated in the title-page, with the addition of Ned Testy, a son of the chief-mourner Timothy: and in the last dialogue, the elder brother of Samuel Sensitive becomes a disputant on the matters of misery. Mr. Samuel Sensitive is a very well-bred gentleman, but so unfortunate as to be troubled with weakness of nerve: a dis-

order that seems to be the lawful heir and successor of a malady equally fashionable in the days of our grandmothers, and bearing the majestic and terrific title of The Spleen. *Nervousness* now comes forward, to claim the same tribute of commiseration, and exact the same energies of endurance from all who have the *misery* of a finely strung acquaintance, as were formerly expected by the stately spleen: "when "one hath the spleen," says Lucy Lockit, "every thing is to be excused by a friend." And indeed we think the *nervousness* of Samuel Sensitive, troublesome as it must have been to his family, much less tormenting than the eternal vehemence of a character like that of Timothy Testy. Mr. Testy takes upon him to afflict us not merely with the sympathy which we must entertain for the sufferings, real or imaginary, of a sighing fellow-creature, but thinks fit to be in a passion with his companions, and say a great number of very rude things. The chief distinction which Mr. Beresford, the author of the work, points out between Mr. Testy and Mr. Sensitive, is in the formation of those organs which are calculated for the reception of miseries. Mr. Testy is said to be peculiarly open to material and tangible woes, and is two or three times caught in the fact of ridiculing the finer and more delicate distresses, which operate without corporeal sensation; while Mr. Sensitive is peculiarly open to affections of the mind, and fidgets of the imagination. To make use of a very homely metaphor, we shall say, that Mr. Testy is meant to be always catching the curse of Scotland, which is communicated only upon contact: Mr. Sensitive to inhale every flying plague that impregnates the atmosphere he breathes. But this discrimination of character has not been undeviatingly preserved; since Mr. Sensitive frequently moans for material miseries, while Mr. Testy refines his capabilities of agony, till he contrives to weep for visionary woes.

The dialogues or pegs on which the miseries are hung, do not appear to be so comic, nor so carefully imagined, as the miseries themselves: but even the dialogues contain a considerable portion of humour. The chief fault of which we accuse the book, is its extraordinary length: for a work conveying no sort of serious instruction, and running through an extensive series of unconnected occurrences, each intended to excite the same turn of idea in the reader, must inevitably become tedious and dull. Farther, many of the miseries which are here enumerated, are not miseries of a fair class; for, in a book which is intended to ridicule petty vexations, such accidents as losing valuable trunks, waiting for emetic operations, or submitting to the crash of a dentist, are by no means just examples, nor calculated to excite agreeable sensations in the mind of a man, who perhaps is smarting at the moment under some such real misfortune. Besides these errors, a great number of the jokes, particularly the quotations, are lame in themselves, and lamely introduced.

The Miseries of which the work professes to treat are:—The Miseries of the Country—Of Games, Sports, &c.—Of London—Of Public Places—Of Travelling—Of Social Life—Of Reading and Writing—Of the Table, &c.—Domestic—Personal—Miscellaneous.

We will now give some of those which we think the most observable from their drollery, their general applicability, their unsuitable introduction, or their deficiency in that *qualité piquante* which constitutes all the flavour of a good misery.

FROM THE MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY.

Groan 22, (S.) p. 82.

In attempting to spring carelessly with the help of one hand, over a five-barred gate, by way of shewing your activity to a party of ladies behind you (whom you affect not to have observed) blundering on your nose on the other side.

Test. Ha! ha! ha!

——— viribus ille
Confisus, periit, admirandisque lacertis.

JUV.

MISERIES OF GAMES AND SPORTS.

9, (by Tom Testy, a son of Timothy) p. 47.

At cricket—Playing on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball presently becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten—a jarring bat—a right-hand bat for a left-handed player—a hat, vice stumps.

19, (T.) p. 50.

At a dance—The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right hand and left."

MISERIES OF LONDON.

17, (S.) p. 70.

In attempting to pay money in the street—emptying your purse into the kennel—the *wind* taking care of all the *paper*-money.—

Ned Tes. "The trembling *notes* ascend the sky."

Perhaps the pun of the quotation may be thought whimsical enough; but where is the joke of losing one's money?

25, (S.) p. 72.

Accosting a person in the street with the utmost familiarity, shaking him long and cordially by the hand, &c. and at length discovering by his cold, (or, if he is a fool, angry) stare, that he is not the man you took him for.

35, (S.) p. 76.

A footman at the next door learning to play upon the fife or fiddle.

36, (T.) p. 76.

As you are quietly walking along in the vicinity of Smithfield, on market day, finding yourself suddenly obliged, though your dancing days have been long over, to lead outsides, cross over, foot it, and a variety of other steps and figures, with mad bulls for your partners!

This is a very serious misery in our opinion!

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES.

Groan 1, (S.) p. 84.

On going to the play, to see a favourite performer—to be told, at the drawing up of the curtain, (as you had augured from the rueful bow of the speaker, that he or she is suddenly taken ill or dead, and that Mr. —— or Miss —— (the back of the house) has kindly undertaken to try to read the part at five minutes notice.

We heartily condole in this groan!

13, (S.) p. 88.

Those parts of the entertainments at Astley's, or the Circus, which do *not* consist of pranks, or horsemanship.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

The following misery we consider as the *chef d'œuvre* of the author—since it is both happily, or rather *wretchedly*, imagined in point of subject, and accurately represented in point of execution.

Groan 1, (S.) p. 99.

In the room of an inn, to which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delassemens de cœur*:—and first for the morning:—examining the scrawled window-panes, in hopes of curious verses, &c. and finding nothing more *piquant* than "I love pretty Sally Appleby "of Chipping-Norton."—"Sweet Dolly Mea-"dows!"—"A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. &c. dined "here July the 4th, 1739."—"I am very un-"dappy. Sam. Jennings."—"Life at best is "but a jest."—"Wm. Wilkins is a fool"—with "So are you," written under it.—*Dam Pit*, &c. &c. together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

Then for your evening recreations:—After having, for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints or ornaments with which the room is hung—such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Virtues, daubed over, any how, with purple, red, and raspberry cream colours—or a series of halfpenny prints called "Going out in the Morning,"—"Starting a Hare"—"Coming in at the "Death," &c.—or a Jemmy Jessamy Lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee, in the dirt, before a coy maypole miss in an old fashioned riding dress; both figures partly coloured, and partly plain—or a goggling wax Queen bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and bright green varnished leaves—or the map of England, with only about four counties, and *no* towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, "aged 10 years,"—or a little fat plaster man on the chimney-piece, with his gilt-cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth; being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in harlequin jackets, at the two extremities—after getting all this by heart, I say, asking, in despair, for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's Farriery—three or four wrecks of different spelling-books—Gauging made easy—a few odd vols. of the Racing Calendar—an *abridged abridgment* of the History of England, in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing—an old list of Terms, Transfer-days, &c. with Tax Tables, &c.—in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust.

7, (T.) p. 169.

The flap of a limber saddle rolling up, and galling and pinching your calf just above the half-boot, through a long day's ride.

14, (T.) p. 104.

Sleeping, or rather trying in vain to sleep, at an inn, on the assembly night; your chamber being immediately contiguous to the ball-room, and your ears assailed, till the time of rising, by the constant din of feet and fiddles—not to mention perpetual irruptions of whole herds of bucks, blundering into your room, full of jest, and roaring for refreshments, &c.—neither lock nor bolt to the door.

5, (S.) p. 121.

On entering a stage-coach for a long journey, finding, (amongst other pleasant inmates) at least one muddling mother, with a sick—but not silent—infant;—windows all as close as wax, for the poor child's sake!

10, (T.) p. 124.

In a coach which is made to carry but four, and is full—being assailed by the most vehement importunities to take in what they call a *lady*;

leaving you only a choice of miseries—granting or refusing.

MISERIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

12, (S.) p. 136.

"Losing your way," as you term it, in *telling a story*, through which you proceed very prosperously, till you arrive at the point—which you find yourself under the dire necessity of leaving out.

This groan reminds us of the old story of a strolling manager's play-bill—"This evening "will be performed the tragedy of Hamlet—the "part of Hamlet, by particular desire, to be "omitted."

14, (T.) p. 137.

After relating, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing, that you had it—*from himself!*

19, (S.) p. 139.

Accompanying a fond father in his attendance at his little daughter's dancing-day, at a petty "*preparatory boarding-school.*"

26, (S.) p. 141.

Immediately after expressing to a person your sorrow at having been from home when he lately called upon you—incautiously letting out some circumstance which completely disproves your alibi.

Tes. Too bad indeed!—a man is never at a worse nonplus than when, like poor Darius—

"*Exposed* he *lies.*"

Sen. Yes, and you may proceed—

"Without a friend to close his eyes!"

As he looks the man who has detected him, in the face.

Here we have the old pun upon *lies*; and what perhaps Mr. Beresford considers as a pun on the word *exposed*: but it is in fact not a pun, but only a metaphorical use of the word; and the continuation of the quotation would be unintelligible, but for Mr. Sensitive's exposition.

Mr. Sensitive, besides an unfortunate dislike of one set of sensations, has an equally vehement hatred for sensations directly contrary: for instance, in p. 145, he gives so broad a hint about the admission of fresh air, that Mr. Testy, with a politeness extremely foreign to his general habit, throws up the window in compliment; but in the 10th page, we recollect this same Sensitive declaring that even sickness has this advantage, that it "wards off the various injuries of "the open air, by requiring the party to inhale, "*a thousand times over, the cherishing, agreeable, and safely treasured atmosphere* of a "chamber." This oversight is scarcely more pardonable than the address to the miserable, which stands preface-like in front of the whole book; and which, although Mr. Testy is in the last dialogue carried away for dead, and although Mr. Sensitive in the last dialogue reforms his nerves, is nevertheless signed with the heartiest condolence by both these "Partners in the firm "of misery."

40, (S.) p. 148.

The dead silence which never fails to take place in company while you are availing yourself of the general noise of voices, to enter upon confidential subjects with your next neighbour.

47, (S.) p. 150.

After having said what you conceive to be a good thing, but which you fear that none of the company heard, finding yourself reduced to the horrible alternative of losing the credit of your wit, or of repeating your bon-mot at the risk of its having been before heard, and disapproved; and in this case, with the certainty of being thought both a fool and a coxcomb.

48, (S.) p. 150.

While in a nervous and irritable mood—sitting with one who has an unceasing trick of swinging himself in his chair like a pendulum—working his foot up and down like a knife-grinder—beating with his nails or knuckles like a drummer, &c. &c. you being not sufficiently intimate with your tormentor to break in upon his occupations.

MISERIES OF READING AND WRITING.

9, (S.) p. 172.

Receiving, "from the author," a book equally heavy in the literal and the figurative sense; accompanied with intreaties that you would candidly set down in writing your detailed opinion of it in all its parts.

26, (T.) p. 177.

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply doubled.

Ned Tes. Double, double,
Toil and trouble! DRYD.

Mrs. Tes. Nay, Mr. Testy, with such an up and down hand as yours is, you ought, I think, to be glad of an opportunity of writing here and there one straight line.

MISERIES OF THE TABLE, &c.

5, (S.) p. 190.

Sitting down, with a keen appetite, to a beef-steak, (and nothing else,) which proves to be completely cloaked by over-dressing.

Tes. Confound 'em!—none of them ever at-

tend to Macbeth's receipt for dressing a beef-steak, though by much the best that ever was given.

Sen. How?

Tes. Why,

——when 'tis *done*, 'twere well
If 'twere *done quickly*.

Mr. Sensitive experiences more misery than we should have expected a man so nervous and timid to risk, in his intercourse with the fair sex: *Exempli gratiâ*:

24, (S.) p. 195.

Slipping your knife suddenly and violently from off a bone—its edge first shrieking across the plate (so as to make you hated by yourself and the whole company) and then driving the plate before it, and lodging all its contents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables, &c. &c. partly on your own breeches, partly on the cloth, partly on the floor, but *principally* in the lap of a charming girl who sits by you, and to whom you had been diligently trying to recommend yourself.

And under other heads we find:

75, (S.) p. 287.

Tying your neckcloth vilely, when you wish to be particularly seducing (always the case!) and only making the matter worse the longer you fumble at it.

79, (S.) p. 238.

Patching powder on your hair with a bald, wet, clotted puff—and this when you are dressing to go to *Her*.

38, (S.) p. 297.

Walking fast and far in a hot sun, to overtake a woman, from whose shape and air, as viewed *en derriere*, you have decided that her face is angelic; till on eagerly turning round, as you pass her, you are petrified by a Gorgon!

&c. &c. &c.

Another prominent misery of the table is,

Letting fall (of course on the *buttered* side) the piece of roll, or muffin, on which you had set your heart.

But this is spoilt by the unmeaning remark and quotation which follows:

Ned Tes. Cruel dirt!
—*hæret lateri*—lethalis!

MISERIES DOMESTIC.

82, (T.) p. 239.

In dressing to dine out—your last shoe-string breaking—one kneebuckle lost—the wrong coat brushed—hole found in your stocking after you are dressed, &c. &c.—all this, and much more, invariably coming upon you like hail, at the moment when you are most belated.

What sort of English is *belated*?

89, (T.) p. 239.

After having broken the ice in your bason to wash your hands—dangling them before you like a dancing bear, while you ferret about in vain for a towel.

89, (S.) p. 242.

Loudly bursting three or four buttons of your tight waistcoat, the fastenings of your braces, and the strings of your pantaloons behind, in fetching a deep sigh!—dead silence in the company, at the moment of the melancholy explosion.

FROM MISERIES PERSONAL.

81, (T.) p. 271.

The buzz of a struggling insect who has limed himself in your ear.

Sen. A disagreeable intrusion, without dispute—but I should think that the insect you formerly mentioned, which domiciliated itself in your eye, must have enraged you still more.

Ned Tes. Yes:

" Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
" Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta."

FROM MISERIES MISCELLANEOUS.

48, (S.) p. 298.

Suddenly missing your snuff-box after dinner, in a country place where you are leagues off from the possibility of a pinch:—then, in your longing agony, snuffing up, with your mind's nose, the well-stored canisters of a London shop.

Tes. " So scented the grim feature, and up-
" turn'd
" His nostril wide into the murky air,
" Sagacious of his quarry from so far."

MILT.

We cannot see the misery or the wit of any part of this last groan. In our extracts we have endeavoured to select the most diverting parts of the work before us, giving a few passages from each division: but we cannot think it necessary to trouble our readers with the concluding dissertation of Mr. Sensitive, sen. who succeeds in converting his brother Samuel from the sect of Heraclitus, by a sermon enlivened with quotations from Juvenal and Horace, and backed by the Bible.

If our readers can labour through eleven or twelve hundred groans such as those we have described and quoted, they will have greater patience than generally falls to the lot of man—for though we have been highly diverted with some of the miseries, and some of the quotations, we cannot help thinking that it would have been well for Mr. Beresford, if, when he was quoting, he had remembered the old hemistich:

Something too much of this.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

NELSON'S BANNER.*

Unfurl'd no more in Valour's eye,
Proud pledge no more of Victory,
Thy conq'ring colours wave!
Ah, no! whilst weeping warriors mourn,
Entwin'd around thy hero's urn,
'Tis thine to deck his grave.

Tho' dark and cold his narrow bed,
Yet Glory comes with chasten'd tread,
And stays her proud step there:
And Fame, whilst there her Nelson sleeps,
Her sacred, sainted vigils keeps,
And guards his hallow'd bier.

Mourn not the Brave—the Brave can *never* die!
They but pass on to Immortality!

On his cold tomb by Honour laid,
Ah! soon *thy* glowing tints shall fade,
Tho' stamp'd with Victory;
Whilst he triumphant shall arise,
To Britain bend from cloudless skies,
His proud protecting eye.

Still hov'ring in the battle's storm
With guardian care, his sainted form
(Whilst future Nelsons bleed)
Shall turn from Glory's radiant sphere,
To hail succeeding heroes there,
And prompt the kindred deed.

Mourn not the Brave—the Brave can *never* die!
They but pass on to Immortality!

M. C.

TO A FAVOURITE LINNET.

Awake, my bird! and hail the day,
And cheer me with thy sprightly lay,
While now upon the leafless spray
The hoar frost sits in morning;
While not a lark expands her wing,
To make the cloudy concave ring,
Nor throstles chaunt, nor blackbirds sing,
But winds give wintry warning.

I've often thought, my bird, 'twere hard
That thou shou'dst in a cage be barr'd,
When others Nature's pleasures shar'd
Upon a fine Spring morning;
But thou'rt so cheerful, so content,
So full of tricks and merriment,
To go, I'm sure, thoud'st scarce consent,
E'en if I gave thee warning.

Such irksome thoughts I'll then give o'er,
Since thou of freedom think'st no more,
But keep, and cherish thee with store
Of kindness every morning:
And when (O distant be the day!)
Stern Death shall stop thy tuneful lay,
A tribute to thy worth I'll pay,
With verse thy tomb adorning.

Dromore. Hafiz.

THE BATCHELOR'S APOLOGY.

As crippled Will Ramble, confin'd to his room,
With one leg on a stool sat lamenting his doom;
His married acquaintance begin their sly prattle,
While Will rubs his leg and prepares for a battle.
"You see, Mr. Ramble, our words are come
"true,
"That one day a Batchelor's life you would rue,
"To be laid up a cripple at your time of life!
"Aye! 'tis now that you feel the sad want of a
"wife;
"Whose tender attention might soften your pain,
"And bring back the use of your limbs once
"again"
"For that," Will replies, "I can give you a rea-
"son,
"Which you all must allow is not quite out of
"season.
"Throw a bone to a dog, and he seldom will fail
"To silently thank you, by wagging his tail:
"But tie that same bone to his tail by a string—
"And you soon may observe it quite alters the
"thing:
"Away runs the dog, and would run to the
"devil,
"To fly from this constantly following evil."

W. D.

* The custom of burying the banner of our heroes with them is not the least impressive part of their funeral ceremony.

HENRY AND ANNA;

A BALLAD.

On a rock, sad, pensive sitting,
Anna gaz'd upon the wave,
Saw the white foam round her fretting,
Where she sought the Syren's cave—
"Say, sweet Nymph, with sea-green tresses,
"Beauteous maid with azure eyes,
"Ease my tortur'd heart's distresses—
"Say where now my Henry flies?"

Soft, with artful strain insidious,
From the cave a voice replies:
"Maid, your Henry was perfidious;
"And now in the green deep lies."
Anna, wild, the story hearing,
"Ah! he's false," she weeping cried,
"Life to me is not worth bearing;"
And she dash'd into the tide.

Loud a voice with horror screaming,
Cried, "Forbear thy rash design!
"False is yon artful Syren's seeming,
"Henry comes, for ever thine."
Quick he plung'd into the billow,
Soon he caught the sinking maid,
Made his arm her circling pillow,
And was by her smiles o'erpaid.

EDAWRD C.

FORGET ME NOT.—A SONG.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE 88TH REG. ON EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Forget me not, tho' savage war
Has torn me from thy bosom;
Tho' call'd from thee to climes afar,
Beyond the Western Ocean:
My soul shall smile at human fears,
Or ills that may beset me;
While the fond hope my bosom cheers
That you will ne'er forget me.

Forget me not when festive joys
Dispel each trace of sorrow—
When sparkling mirth your hours employs,
One pensive moment borrow,
To trace the happy hours we've pass'd,
The scenes where oft you met me,
Where to my ardent bosom press'd,
You swore you'd ne'er forget me.

While ranging at the break of day,
The forest or savannah,
I'll hail that sun whose setting ray
Still lingers with my Anna:
At eve amid the jovial throng,
I'll let no trouble fret me;
But join the dance or merry song,
In hopes you'll ne'er forget me.

Should I receive a fatal wound,
While death, like hail, flies near me;
E'en then, when bleeding on the ground,
With no soft hand to chear me:
While from me flow'ry prospects fly,
And death's dark views await me,
The words which on my lips shall die,
Will be—O don't forget me!

TO MISS R——D.

The beauties of the May-blown flow'rs,
New blossom'd in a sunshine hour,
Where sips th' enamour'd bee,
In accents soft, the zephyr tells;
Yet not a flower in which it dwells
Will ever bloom like thee.

Could I assume his airy flight,
And, shaded by the sable night,
Play near thy sparkling eye;
Ne'er from its lustre would I part,
But languish on thy panting heart,
And call it bliss to die.

J. B.

THE COTTAR'S LAMENT.

And maun we leave our lang kent hame,
To wander far awa'.
And maun we leave that glen sae lown
Below the birken shaw!

And maun our wee things nae mair wade
And paidle in the burn,
And maun we a', baith auld and young,
Learn—*Man was made to mourn!*

In some unwholesome darksome town
We'll ablins get a hield;
And whan we're sick, the house of dule
Our hapless heads will shield.

Nae kindly neebour there will sit,
And watch the troubled hour,
But strangers' hands will turn the bed,
Wi' looks baith cauld and dour.

The bloom upon those rosy cheeks,
That glint wi' thoughtless glee,
Will fade right fast, and in its place
A sallow tinge we'll see.

O gif the folk wha hae the power,
This ae cot house wad spare;
Thae wee things hands e'er wa' and roof
Wad train the roses fair;

A sweet brier hedge we'd plant a'round,
To scent the gloumin hour,
And change a cottar's hamely hut
Into a bonny bower.
O gif the folk wha hae the power
Wad say the word *remain*.
What they in goud and siller tint
They wad in blessings gain.

Aye, namelees ways, by us unseen,
God scaith or bless extends,
And aften as the deed deserves,
Heaven's dew or blight descends.

FINE ARTS.

THAT the Fine Arts in Britain are in a low state at present, is a frequent subject of lamentation. The chief cause of this we have already endeavoured to shew, is in the want of a stimulating principle, as powerful as that which carried the Sculpture of the antient Greeks to perfection, or as that which, in the sixteenth century, gave unrivalled excellence to the various schools of Painting in Italy. We should not, therefore, repeat this painful opinion, but for the purpose of correcting an obvious mistake of some who have publicly expressed themselves on the subject. It has been asserted, in more than one instance, that the present state of imitative art in this country is owing to the want of encouragement on the part of the public. We venture to assert, on the contrary, that the liberality of the British nation, in matters of taste, is as distinguished as its ardour in the cause of humanity; and from documents in our possession it would be easy to prove, that in the capital of England alone there is more money annually disbursed in rewarding the labours of resident Painters than is expended for a similar purpose by all the other states of Europe put together. Indeed we are fully persuaded, that were the nation less prompt, or less profuse, in giving support to the first demonstrations of talent in artists, it would be one strongly conducive cause towards removing the opprobrium that shadows our School of Art. The course of the last twenty years will convince those who have opportunity to review it, that in almost every instance of an artist displaying even the promise of future excellence, he has been immediately taken under the protection of the public, his doors have been constantly thronged with friends and admirers, and his hands overwhelmed with commissions. The result of this too liberal disposition has been, in all the instances now before us, to frustrate its own object. The ardent youth, who set out panting for fame, and with an elasticity of mind equal to any kind of study, finds himself at once in possession of that affluence which should be reserved to recompence the labours of a life invariably devoted to improvement; and he soon considers only how he can perform his works in the shortest time: if they prove *as good* as his first specimens, he thinks himself acquitted to his employers; and thus his talents become stationary.

It is certainly painful to attempt checking an amiable propensity in our countrymen; but as its tendency is certainly injurious to the present state of Arts, and as the importance of those Arts to our national honour is become obvious, we conceive ourselves acting for the general good, by giving to that liberality a different direction. We therefore earnestly entreat our countrymen, as they value their own happiness, as they hope for the continued prosperity and independence of Britain, to refrain, in every practicable instance, from giving commissions for works of art. Let every professor then, as he certainly will, bring his works to public competition and sale; and let every lover of his country, let every friend to art, feel it an indispensable duty to expend whatever he can spare, in countenancing and rewarding even the most humble demonstrations of assiduity and reflection. The result of such a plan would undoubtedly be, that the professors of arts would feel the delightful consciousness of deserving the remunerations they receive, their patrons would be gratified with the possession of much better performances, and the national fame be, at last, completely established. The truly enlightened and patriotic framers of the British Institution have recognized, and, as far as possible, adopted this principle: for one of their fundamental laws enacts, that no picture or work of art shall be admitted to their annual exhibition, unless for sale.

Considering, therefore, that public exhibitions are the means by which art is to be promoted amongst us, we shall endeavour, with a view of aiding that great object, to discuss the principles on which such establishments should be prepared

and conducted. We are the more inclined to do this, as the second opening of the British Gallery is about to take place.

The object of all exhibitions of works of art is to make known the particular species of merit, or talent which characterises each performance; and three points of deliberation are seriously to be weighed as conducing to this object: 1st, The colour of the apartment; 2d, the nature of the light; and 3d, the elevation of the performances. As colours are almost entirely a matter of contrast, it is obvious that if pictures be hung on a ground of any colour whatever, that ground will enhance, in such pictures, the colours that differ from it, and will reduce the effect of those that are of its own kind. The painting-room of Rubens is known to have been hung with crimson, and, though somewhat subdued by a dark pattern of flocks, it certainly may be considered as one cause of the excessive redness to be found in all his pictures. The picture-gallery at Powis Castle was, lately, a bright green, coloured, no doubt, by the upholsterer, as a matter of furniture. The gallery at Cleveland-house, where so many fine pictures are displayed, is a fleshy kind of brown, judiciously chosen for a collection of the old masters, to correct the brownness which all pictures in oil acquire by time. The colour of the British Gallery, when last open to the public, was a bright scarlet! A circumstance so extraordinary, that we can no way account for it, but by supposing it meant as a precaution against the too vivid colouring which a desire of attracting notice has introduced into our School of Painting. The inference from these remarks is obvious, as to the ground on which pictures should be placed.

The light of an exhibition-room for pictures should be just so large, and so far distant, that the performances which must necessarily be placed at the greatest distance from the spectator, shall receive an accession of light in the same proportion, to give them perfect distinctness. On this point the British Gallery has very superior advantages.

The consideration of this principle will determine the third point we have proposed to examine. If any picture be placed so high in the room, that the increase of light which we have recommended, on the increase of distance, will not make it perfectly discernible, the artist is rather injured than benefited by the admission of his works.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE play-houses have not, during the course of the last month offered much of novelty for the gratification of the public appetite. Drury-lane, though it has for many years been the favourite theatre, is peculiarly backward in new productions; and half the season elapsed without the appearance of any successful piece except the melo-drame of *Tekeli*. We shall be told that the Board of Management are not to blame if plays are damned; but even putting out of the question their competency to decide on the merits of the pieces they accept, we answer that the public expect a sufficient provision to be shipped, so that if the foul weather damages one chest, another shall be ready for consumption. But we are now sailing onward, month after month, with the stale water of modern operas, and the dry biscuit of old comedies; and if a bit of fresh fish can now and then be procured in the shape of a new actor, we hasten to the meal with an incredible voracity, and pursue the banquet till its insipid flavour blunts instead of satisfying or cloying our appetite. Such has been the case with Mr. Cromwell, a gentleman who made his first appearance on any stage, as the "fine, gay, bold-"faced" *Pierre*. Fine enough he certainly was; but as to his gaiety, or the boldness of his face, we cannot say we discerned much of either—unless indeed Mr. Cromwell mean to value himself on his boldness in undertaking a character for which his genius was totally unqualified.

Venice Preserved is one of the plays which hold the very first rank in the tragic range of the English drama: and many of the most accomplished critics of our day, considering it in all its bearings, do not hesitate to place it on a level with the finest works of Shakspeare. If this judgment be accurately and justly formed, and we own that it is difficult to impeach it, from what intrinsic merit has it attained its high reputation? Is it from that qualification which is usually considered as the

highest merit of a tragedy, namely, a well imagined continuity of interest created and sustained for one or more person or persons, whose unjust sufferings, or whose ample virtues are to excite an honourable sympathy in the breast of the spectators? Surely not so: for though we have been used to see the character of *Belvidera* rendered infinitely sweet and pathetic by the genius and tones of Mrs. Siddons, yet this very Belvidera, who is meant to be the most interesting personage of the piece, has foibles and faults which render her, strictly speaking, unamiable, and, of course, little interesting. What husband that puts himself in the situation of *Jaffier* could feel for a woman, who, after having extorted from him, by boasts of her Roman faith and virtue, a secret that he had vowed to conceal, was the first to urge his infraction of his oaths, and to betray his confederates to the Senate? Is *Jaffier* himself, though the hero of the play, a personage more likely to acquire our esteem, and, through the medium of esteem, our pity?—*Jaffier*—who having been spurned by his father-in-law, takes money from his friend in anticipation of concerted slaughter?—Who afterwards delivers his beloved wife into the hands of an unknown profligate—who discovering that profligate's treachery, bellows, but does not punish—who, having in his own keeping the very life of his dearest friend, surrenders that friend to the Senate on a doubtful promise of general pardon—who then submits to the bodily chastisement which that friend most justly inflicts upon him—who, in revenge for *his own pusillanimity*, seizes a dagger to murder his beloved *Belvidera*—and who, finally, after thedeath of his friend, becomes too weak to bear the pressure of calamity, abandons his wife and child, and assassinates himself! Such being the characters of *Jaffier* and *Belvidera*, by what art did the author hope to rivet the attention of his audience? By painting with a bold and masterly pencil the noble and ingenuous qualities of *Pierre*; that gallant, generous warrior, who, whether justly or not, yet at any rate patriotically, sacrificed every thing to the great design of destroying tyranny—who being basely betrayed to the senate, yet scorned to make submissions for his life—who, when the indignation of the moment had subsided, forgave his unworthy friend—who at last, indeed, escaped an ignominious death only by a virtual suicide; but who, if he had lived and succeeded, would have been classed by an admiring posterity with Aristogiton, Brutus, and Tell.

The character of *Pierre*, with all these advantages, is highly favourable for a first appearance—being one of those parts, which, in the theatrical idiom, are said to "*make themselves.*"—But even though a part may *make itself*, it may be marred by the actor—and such was the fate of *Pierre* in the hands of Mr. Cromwell. He appeared to have been long in the habit of acting, if we judge from his unembarrassed deportment, which seemed to bespeak a man perfectly at home in *stage business*. But he has neither expression of face, nor warmth of conception: and if we appear to write this article with too much severity, it is because we have not yet recovered from the most disagreeable of all ill-humours, the ill-humour of disappointment, which we experienced in a very forcible degree, on seeing scene after scene flattened and neutralized, and at missing that electrical sensation, which, in the hands of other actors, the part of *Pierre* scarcely ever fails to produce.

Of Mr. Henry Siddons in *Jaffier*, we are happy to speak in terms of high approbation. Mr. Siddons is one of those actors who, though they seldom exert themselves in humble characters, yet on every great opportunity, most feelingly convince their audience, that they possess the genuine spirit, which is the vital principle, of acting. He played *Jaffier* with a great deal of manly pathos, and was much and deservedly applauded.

Mrs. Powell in *Belvidera*, disappointed us. She was too loud and energetic in her tones and gestures. We are at a loss to account for this circumstance in an actress, who, though she frequently fails to discriminate nicely between particular passages, yet usually seizes on the general feeling of a whole character.

The comedy of *Love for Love*, which is thought to be the masterpiece of Congreve, was performed on the 6th of last month to a very thin audience. We have long been accustomed to hear heavy complaints of a national decay in taste; and those complaints are backed by a repetition of the instances in which the classical old plays are neglected by the town. But the fact is, not that the town have less taste now than ever, for it is our sincere opinion, and as that opinion includes no one in particular, we venture to express it,) that the town have not, and never had, any taste which could be spoilt.

Let us say a few words about this taste, or competency of the town to decide upon theatrical merit. An author, or an actor, may succeed, or he may not—he must not attempt to calculate with certainty on success because he is conscious of merit, any more than a gamester can be sure to win, because he possesses superior skill. No, an author or an actor cannot calculate even *so well* as a gamester—because, in gambling, a man

has a good chance, in what is termed the *long run*, of gaining something by a knowledge of his game—But an author or an actor has no *long run* to depend upon—he must hit the first night or miss for ever. A man who has been accustomed to consider the workings of the human mind, and from long observation of character has enabled himself to make an average estimate of human feelings, may judge within a little of the probable event of any matter which shall be determined only by a majority of votes. But who is there that can insure himself against individual folly, ill-nature, or caprice, and say that among three thousand spectators there shall not be one who will decide unfairly? If twenty persons, (and we are sorry to say we have known instances to prove our assertion) if twenty persons enter a theatre, with a determination to damn an author or an actor, those twenty may make so great a disturbance as to prevent the progress of the play: nay, the opposition that is made by the candid part of the audience, serves only to increase the tumult, and the angry roars and hisses of the cynical few, when reverberated by sounding-boards, and assisted by the noise of oaken sticks, will sound like the sentiment of a majority of an audience: and this tempestuous decision is called the taste of the town.

But suppose the novice is well received? He comes off with flying colours, and praises the taste of the town. Is his success the consequence of his merit? To be sure he thinks so. But there are many other reasons of success, not indeed so flattering to the vanity of the triumphant favourite; but much more true, and even undeniable. If the candidate be an actor, he may be well received because he is not good enough to make any impression, or because the audience are sleepy, or because he has a strong party of friends. If an actress, a pleasing person, or even a pretty face, will conciliate many harsh critics. Perhaps the most probable way to success, where all ways are doubtful, is what the audience call spirit. We scarcely ever saw a vehement speaker fail of success; so generally applicable is the old story of the countrywoman going to see Garrick do Hamlet: "As to Garrick," said she, "I see "nothing in him: give me the man who acts "the King—he is something like an actor, look "how he sweats." If the candidate be an author, he may succeed from the very great dulness of his play, for there is little danger in a sentimental comedy; or from the badness of the jokes in general, for then if a good one by any accident intervenes, it has all the advantages of contrast; or he may succeed from the sudden trick of some experienced actor who knows how to *feel the pulse of an audience*. But we believe the surest road that an author can take to success, is to keep his name a secret, and send in no orders. It is the *orderly* part of the audience that has had longest experience in plays, and consequently knows when to hiss with most effect. The folks who pay their six shillings at the door, generally like to have their amusement for their money, and wish to see the play go quietly on; though even among the latter class we remember one instance, of a man who told us that he made it a principle *to damn every thing that came out!* Mediocrity and the absence of friends then are two probable causes of success; and these coincidencies are the taste of the town.

When we deny the existence of taste in the town, we do not mean to assert that the public are mistaken in the *general principles* of taste—for what are the general principles of taste but the standards established by the consent of the majority? No, we mean to assert, that while all mankind are agreed about the general principles, there are so few who can apply those principles to individual instances, that the town is wrong as often as it is right. Taste is not a variable matter—two opposites can very seldom be both praiseworthy—yet we find one actor playing a part in the right style and another in the wrong, and we hear that both are admirable. The town agree that an actor who represents *Romeo* should speak good English, and play with energy, yet with tenderness—Mr. Charles Kemble played the part in such a manner, and the town applauded him. Master Betty afterwards played the same part, spoke neither English nor sense, and whined without either vigour or softness—and him too the town applauded. The public agree that a comedy should be witty; Congreve wrote *Love for Love*, and the public applauded it. Mr. Cherry wrote *The Soldier's Daughter*, with neither wit nor grammar, and that also the public applauded. So much for the taste of the town!

But, independently of all these circumstances, vain indeed must be that theatrical character, who hopes to be always equally popular:

Heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
——nescius auræ
Fallacis!

When a certain number of exhibitions have taken place, and every body has been gratified with a sight, it is not to be expected that crowds will continue to grace a performance, however exalted may be its merit.

That *Love for Love* is a play possessing most extraordinary merit, will not, at this time of day,

be denied. But its merit consists entirely in character and dialogue, for the incidents are few, and those incongruously imagined. The most objectionable part of the piece, a part too quite unnecessary, is the intrigue of *Scandal* with *Mrs. Foresight*, which the managers very properly omit. But we still have the indecent conversation and chamber-visit of *Tutta* and *Miss Prue*—we still have the improbably sudden schemes of odious *Mrs. Frail*—and we still have the unpardonable grossness which every now and then sallies from the mouth of uneducated *Ben*. And all this to very little purpose; for when the adventures are all put together, they form a very indifferent and uninteresting plot. Perhaps, however, there is no play on the stage which is stronger in its strong points—no play which more abounds in keen satire and sprightly wit. The character of *Foresight* is not quite original, but it is highly wrought; and that of *Sir Sampson Legend* is most disagreeably forcible—As to *Valentine*, *Scandal*, and *Jeremy*, they seem to be all the same person: one brain with three tongues. Of that one brain, however, it must be owned that there is a quantity sufficient for the whole trio of tongues. We have no hesitation in ranking among the most masterly productions of our language, the first act, in which these three wits are the principal speakers.

Mr. Elliston, in the first act of *Valentine*, was by no means what Congreve would have required: there was scarcely one of the points to which he contrived to give any effect. But in the subsequent part of the play, he made ample amends for his original deficiency; and in the mad-scene drew down repeated and deserved applauses. Of Barrymore's *Scandal* we cannot speak kindly—his manner was a great deal too pompous and unmeaning. De Camp in *Jeremy* was often very happy; but we cannot approve his unwarrantable trick of kicking out of his master's lodgings, *Buckram*, a gentleman whose wig and gown proclaim him to be a barrister. The services of a lawyer might have become no longer necessary, but a counsellor would scarcely have suffered himself to be kicked by a footman. This is one of the many instances in which dramatic truth is sacrificed to the appetite for a mob's applause. Mathews, whose talent for disguise is so generally admired, looked old *Foresight* perfectly; had not his voice betrayed him, we should not have recognized the thin, lively Mr. Mathews, in the heavy broad high-shouldered *Mr. Foresight*. Bannister's excellence in *Ben* redeems, with the audience in general, the faults of half his colleagues; but it did not atone to our minds for Mr. Palmer's dullness and awkwardness in the sprightly coxcomb *Tattle*, nor for the very faulty performance of *Sir Sampson Legend* by Mr. Dowton. This gentleman, indeed, was so unfortunate as not to know his text, and every body may guess how effective must be a character of which the point lies in structure of language, when that character is acted by a man who is totally imperfect. *Angelica* tells *Sir Sampson* that she wishes to marry a man who is neither an absolute wit nor a fool. "Odd, "you are hard to please, Madam," answers *Sir Sampson;* "to find a young fellow who is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the "eyes of the world, is a very hard task." But Mr. Dowton gave this passage in the following way: "To find a young fellow, who is *neither a* "*wit in the eyes of the world, nor a fool*, is "a very hard task." Now, with deference to Mr. Dowton, we beg leave to suggest, that nothing can be easier than to find a man, who is not a fool, nor yet a wit in the eyes of the world. Mr. Dowton is an actor of great merit; but faults like these are not to be overlooked.

Miss Pope is no longer sufficiently blooming for *Mrs. Frail;* Miss Mellon is too coarse in *Miss Prue;* and Miss Duncan in *Angelica*, does not answer our expectations. She has a constant laugh upon her countenance, which, with a certain confined trip in her gait, gives an air of childishness to her performance. Miss Duncan is a good actress by nature, but she will not continue to be a good actress, if she has recourse to affectation.

On the 10th of the month was produced a farce called by the mysterious title of *Mr. H—*. The principal character, which Elliston performed with his accustomed spirit, was a gentleman, who, from a certain indescribable *mauvaise honte*, concealed the whole of his name except the first letter; apprehending that if once his real denomination should become public, he must be an object of general ridicule. But at length, in a card party at Bath, he inadvertently betrays his name, and what should it be at last, but *Hogsflesh?* The consternation excited by this dreadful discovery, among the fictitious personages of the piece, was to be equalled only by the tumult that such an exposition created in the audience; who, disgusted and fatigued, expressed their disapprobation in the strongest terms. Their indignation was yet increased, when a number of puns were played off about pork in all its different shapes; and on the arrival of intelligence that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to permit *Mr. Hogsflesh* to change his name to *Bacon*, the general discontent became so vehement, that scarcely a line could be heard. The managers indeed announced it for a second representation

on the 12th; but on the 11th, their courage failed them, and *M. H—* was withdrawn for ever. Though we do not deny that the piece deserved the fate which overwhelmed it, yet we think it must have been considerably injured by the prologue, with which it was prefaced by Mr. Elliston, in which almost all the jokes for which the subject gave fair occasion, were anticipated with the greatest success. The prologue is the production of Mr. Lambe, of the India house, the author of the farce itself; a gentleman, from whose lisping muse we should hardly have expected so broad and coarse a composition as *Mr. H—*. If Mr. Lambe does not look carefully about him, we fear he will be dismissed from the honourable fraternity of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the other philosophical poets of infantine simplicity. This prologue, however, was received by the audience with so much favour, that, contrary to all precedent, it was encored and repeated; and it possesses so much humour, that we think it but justice to the fallen author to insert it.

If we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same;
Survey the columns of our daily writers,
You'll find that some initials are great fighters;
How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
Cross Captain X. and rough old General Izzard!
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the alphabet is up in arms.
Nor with less lustre have initials shone,
To grace the gentler accents of *crim. con.*
When the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give—a letter—and a dash,
Where vice reduced in size, shrinks to a failing,
And loses half its grossness by curtailing.
Faux-pas are told in such a modest way,
The affair of Colonel B. with Mrs. A.
You must excuse them, for what is there, say,
Which such a pliant vowel must not grant
To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at the lover's suit,
The wife's a liquid—her good man a mute?
Ev'n in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials, I am told, have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old-fashioned race:
And *Cabbage*, asked by brother *Snip* to tea,
Replies, I'll come, but it don't rest with me,
I always leaves them things to Mrs. C.
O should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would Ambition sigh and hang her head,
As each loved syllable should melt away,
Her Alexander turn'd into great A.
A single C. her Cæsar to express,
Her Scipio shortened to a Roman S.
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself, a *Mr. H.*

The comedy of *The Will* was performed on the 18th, for the purpose of introducing a Miss Ray, the daughter of the Cheltenham manager, as *Albina Mandeville*. Miss Ray was received with great applause, and in many of her scenes displayed much of ease and vivacity; but she should carefully distinguish between liveliness and vulgarity; and not allow the buoyancy of her spirits on a successful reception, to waft her boldly onward, in proud disdain of those little delicacies which give so much of grace and interest to a lady in every situation, and particularly on the stage. If Mrs. Jordan is sometimes a little too *brusque*, that failing is compensated in her by a thousand excellences which we scarcely hope to see equalled—but Miss Ray, though a very tolerable actress, does not by any means possess merit enough to counterbalance so strong a defect. She has indeed a pleasing person, which with many spectators can cover a multitude of sins; but there is another charm, which has yet more extensive powers of redemption, and which Miss Ray cannot boast—that of a sweet voice. This was the magic by which Mrs. Jordan made her way to the heart; and having once intrenched herself in that fortress, she was not to be dispossessed by any little rebellious inelegancies. Miss Ray was, however, greeted with that tumultuous applause which youth and beauty seldom fail to raise; and played the part a second time on the following Saturday with high approbation.

On Tuesday the 23d, Miss Ray performed *Amelia Wildenhaim*, in *Lovers Vows*; and whatever faults she displayed on her first appearance, struck us with increased effect in her second character. The situation of an actress on a first appearance is so embarrassing, that every allowance should always be made for defects; and it often happens, that for fear of seeming too much alarmed, a new performer puts on an air of ease, which, being affected, is of course very often disagreeably forward. We were willing to believe that such was the case with Miss Ray; but we are sorry to observe, that after twice playing *Albina*, she was more hoydenish than ever; and we are also sorry to observe, that a great part of the audience mistook a style of acting, which nothing but our respect toward the softer sex pre-

vents us from calling vulgarity, for the vivacity which ought to distinguish *Amelia Wildenhaim*. They should have recollected, that *Amelia* is a nobleman's daughter, who, though simple, is not idiotic, who, though natural, is never coarse. Of Elliston's *Frederick* we are happy to speak in terms of unqualified praise: a tribute of applause is due to Barrymore's *Wildenhaim*; and Henry Siddons, in *Anhalt*, was impressive and pathetic.

The festive Friday that succeeded Christmas-day, was enlivened by a very powerful play-bill, holding out to the holiday folks the delightful entertainments of *George Barnwell* and a new pantomime. This pantomime was entitled *The Enchanters, or Harlequin Sultan*; a piece completely *secundum artem*, being composed of magic in the first place, and skipping in the second. It unfortunately happened that the audience could not understand the fable of the piece; and accordingly they hissed most manfully, when they found *Harlequin* cutting a rope instead of a caper, and standing, they knew not why or wherefore, in the palace of the Genius *Macoma*: or, as the play-bill, with a happy audacity of termination, expressed it, the *Genii Macoma*. We understand that the excuse which the Managers plead for this faulty pantomime, is, that it was only three weeks in preparation; but we do not see why they did not begin sooner, if they intended to produce an effect. What would the Board of Management say, if, on sitting down to a grand dinner at six o'clock, they should find nothing eatable, and hear by way of apology from the cook, that she had not began to dress it till five? Surely these gentlemen cannot suppose that they are behaving with due respect to a London audience, when, after one of the clowns has offered both his toes to another to be kissed, they suffer this papal hero to present for the lips of his vassal, that part also of his person of which the salutation is

——— a custom
More honoured in the *breach* than in the observance.

The clown who required this dishonourable homage from his fellow, was represented by a Mr. Montgomery, whose excellent acting, and droll conceits excited almost the only applause with which the piece was honoured. The audience would not suffer it to be given out for a second representation; but its damnation had at least the credit of proceeding from one of the fullest audiences that ever crowded the benches of Drury. The *Enchanters*, however, the next morning were advertised for several successive nights.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Monday the 5th, was revived the play of the *Tempest*—O! that we could say, Shakspeare's play of the *Tempest!* The play acted at Covent-Garden was not Shakspeare's, nor Dryden's neither—it was a medley of both, and to both injurious: injurious to the unrivalled Shakspeare, as it alloyed his pure gold with baser metal—injurious to the admirable Dryden, as it prolongs the memory of one of his weakest and most disagreeable productions. We understand that the reprehensible parts of the play were permitted to appear, because the managers feared that without them the simple *Tempest* of Shakspeare would be too dull; but we do not conceive how it could well have been more dull than it actually was. The only attempt that was made to rescue the piece from this dreaded tediousness, was in the double entendre which Mr. Dryden has contrived, in his dialogue between the two innocent daughters of *Prospero*; unless indeed the part of *Hyppolito* be thought entertaining, which we do not find to have entertained any body. What is the great merit of the *Tempest*, and the merit that has raised it to the highest rank of poetry? Its various imagination and sweet simplicity. But when once *Miranda* was imagined, where was the merit of imagining *Hyppolito* and *Dorinda?* and when *Miranda* and *Dorinda* are amusing each other with very gross conjectures on the nature of the male sex, where is all the sweet simplicity? The character of *Miranda*, which is the most elegant and perhaps natural conception that ever entered the imagination of Shakspeare himself, loses its unity by the accession of a companion; and the young ladies have a much stronger resemblance to two curious school-girls, whose prurient imaginations are urging them to those impure studies that render a female seminary so justly dreadful, than to the children of simple nature. Shakspeare could paint innocence without making it either indecent or silly; but Dryden, in a corrupt age, did not disdain corruption; and in treating an uncultivated character, did not distinguish between want of information and want of common sense. Thus, *Miranda* and *Dorinda* are forward romps, and *Hyppolito* a fool and a debauchee. The audience were highly displeased at the absurdities and indecences of the piece, and hissed them so loudly, that on the second representation almost all the objectionable passages were omitted.

Mr. Kemble in *Prospero* is dignified and impressive—he does as much for the character as it is possible to do; but in a part without passion or situation, it is *not* possible to do a great deal. His dress is, however, extremely

ineffective; the shape of it has no grace, and the colours are completely confused. Black, and gold, and green, and brown, puzzle and fatigue the eye; in the under garment, the wrapping gown, the mantle, and the cap—the cap, by the bye, has two lappets made to meet under the chin, which, however, hang down unfastened, and give a ludicrous air even to his majestic countenance. On the first night, in giving his mandates to *Ariel*, he several times took that spirit by the hand, which, with an incorporeal being, seems rather an incongruous measure. This practice he has, however, abandoned; we hope, by design. At first too he was exceedingly harsh in his mode of rating his spiritual agent; much more harsh than we expected the humane *Prospero* would prove to the gentle *Ariel*; but, as a wit observed at the time, *Prospero deals in magic, and, of course, he knows better than we.* Mr. Kemble's mode of delivering the concluding speech, "The cloud-"capt tow'rs," was beautifully poetical, and received the highest applause.—The part of *Ariel* was performed by a young lady, whom we understand to be a Miss Meadows, and who is stated to have never before appeared on any stage. If this latter intelligence be accurate, Miss Meadows is a very surprising actress; but we have been informed that she has been in the habit of performing at some of the minor theatres, and our belief in that information is corroborated by her peculiar style of acting. She has all the ease and roundness of action, which are seldom attained without long practice; and she has a *mazy* movement of all her limbs, which reminds us very much of a pantomime figurante. In that movement Miss Meadows is indeed exceedingly elegant, but we think it by no means suitable to the character of *Ariel*, whose manner should be rather the careless grace of a sportive child, than the studied attitude of an opera-dancer. But the principal merit of Miss Meadows is thought to be her singing. In that opinion we do not entirely agree. Her voice is sweet as far as it goes, but its chief excellence, which is a low melodious trill, is not heard at the distance of eight or ten yards from the stage, and her articulation is so very imperfect, that scarcely a word is ever by accident distinguished. She receives great applause, and is always encored in the song "Where the bee." She has been deservedly applauded by some of the daily papers for her dress, which, though very airy, is nevertheless completely decorous, and extremely beautiful. Her face is not handsome; her figure is very small, light, and delicate.

Emery's *Caliban* was very expressive, and had a great deal of *unnatural nature*. Afterwards, during his indisposition, Mr. Creswell performed the part, and was not below mediocrity, but he omitted the songs. Munden and Fawcett, in *Stephano* and *Trinculo*, were very comic. Miss Logan's *Hyppolito* was a praiseworthy performance, and Charles Kemble acted *Ferdinand* as well as possible. Miss Brunton looked very pretty in *Miranda*, and Mrs. Charles Kemble gave a grace even to *Dorinda*. We never remember to have seen any thing more admirable than her action while she described the ship in the storm; her manner was as poetical as the imagination of the author:

> This floating ram did bear his horns aloft,
> All tied with ribbands ruffling in the wind;
> Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
> And then the waves did heave him to the moon.
> &c. &c. &c.

The very entertaining farce of *Lock and Key* has been revived at Covent-Garden theatre, to give Miss Bolton an opportunity of displaying her talents in *Laura*. The part is so very unimportant, that were it not for the general interest which Miss Bolton excites, and in which we most earnestly participate, we should scarcely think it necessary to notice it at all. In the present circumstances of the stage, she cannot always appear in prominent characters; for none of the old operas can be acted more than two or three times in a season, and of course she must be contented to perform in after-pieces. Indeed, even if it would answer to the managers to bring forward the old operas, we should not advise Miss Bolton to venture on them: for her extreme youth and want of experience would prevent her from making that impression, which with good tuition, and undeviating perseverance, she must hereafter produce. In the mean time she should take more pains to throw out her voice, and articulate her words; for at present she sings some of her songs to only the first half dozen rows of the pit. Her action continues to improve; but it still wants roundness, and retains too much of that start which we observed at her first appearance. While she is endeavouring to remove these deficiencies, she will gain experience by attending to the less exalted department of after-pieces; for these she is even now extremely well qualified, since the effect that she produces by her singing is powerfully aided by her beauty, and by a manner which while it has all the elegance of a drawing room, is totally devoid of affectation. We do not speak of her, as it is the fashion to do, in terms of unqualified praise, because we think that by so speaking, we should only injure her,

She is yet but in blossom: and while we gaze with pleasure on the blooming buds, we remember that "*the regular dews of exercise, and the "summer sun of counsel*" must shed their refreshing and genial influences, before the fruit will glow in ripe perfection.

Munden and Fawcett as *Brummagem* and *Ralph*, gave a delightful example of the height at which comic acting can arrive. We do not hesitate to class their joint scene in the second act with the finest efforts of art. Incledon sang the *Arethusa*, and the *Bay of Biscay*, with his own peculiar excellence; an excellence which the audience so well appreciated, that they, in both instances, loudly encored him.

The *Merchant of Venice* was succeeded on the 11th of the last month by a new farce from the fertile pen of Reynolds, entitled *Arbitration, or Free and Easy*. The *Dramatis Personæ* are as follows:

Sir Toby Tritely - - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Jack Familiar - - - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Thoro - - - - - - - -	Mr. Simmons.
Nisi Prius - - - - - - -	Mr. Chapman.
Chequer - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Liston.
Lady Litigious - - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Harriet Seymour - - - - -	Miss Logan.
Mrs. Chequer - - - - - - -	Miss Tyrer.

A cornmill is a subject of legal contention between *Sir Toby Tritely* and Lady *Litigious*, and the matter has been referred to the arbitration of *Jack Familiar*, a young Barrister. The parties at issue alternately court him, and Sir Toby invites the young lawyer to his house, little expecting that the invitation will be accepted. In order to induce *Familiar* to depart, he pens a challenge as if from a *Colonel Wildfire*, at the next post town, little doubting but the Barrister must set off either to fight or to run away: But *Familiar* unluckily finds his pocket book, which he has accidentally dropped, and discovers in it the forged letter, and the key of a room in which *Harriet Seymour*, *Sir Toby's* ward, has been locked up, that she may be forthcoming when *Mr. Thoro*, a proctor, comes to marry her. *Familiar* runs away with *Harriet*, who disguises herself in men's clothes, and a union takes place. Some diversion is *episodically* occasioned by *Mrs. Chequer's* jealousy of her husband, who drives two trades, those of inn-keeper and apothecary: on which system of double callings a good comic song is introduced. After all, when *Familiar*, in his capacity of arbitrator, comes to examine the deeds, he finds that the cornmill and lands appurtenant belong, not to either of the litigating parties, but to *Mr. Chequer*; to him he accordingly awards the premises, and the piece concludes. There are several improbabilities in it, but it occasions a great deal of laughter, and that is all which people in general expect from a farce. Liston and Miss Tyrer act extremely well: we have no fault to find with any other of the performers; but Simmons and Mrs. Davenport have characters very much below their talents: and Mr. Chapman's part appears to be totally superfluous. The farce was received with the greatest applause, and has had a most successful run.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the 13th this splendid theatre was opened for the season, and in a few minutes completely filled with almost all the fashion at present in town. Before we proceed to speak of the evening's entertainments, we will say a few words on a subject which will probably be interesting to many of our readers, namely, the increase of the subscription.

The old Opera-house was burnt down in the year 1789, and as it laboured at the time of its destruction under very considerable encumbrances, the proprietors had no means of rebuilding it, but by granting long leases of boxes. Another theatre was opened at the Pantheon, which was also burnt down, and a great part of the losses occasioned by its destruction were entailed on the new theatre in the Haymarket. Having all these disadvantages to combat, the opera-house has not been by any means a successful speculation, and Mr. Gould, the proprietor, last season, called a meeting of the subscribers, and proposed to them an increase of subscription. The affair was referred to a committee, consisting of

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.
The Marquis of Headfort.
Earl Cholmondeley.
Earl Sefton.
Viscount Hampden.
Thomas Wynn Belasyse, Esq.
and
William Ogilvie, Esq.

These distinguished personages made their report, from which it appeared that the concern had lost in the last few years no less a sum than 15,961*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* and the proposed increase was cheerfully sanctioned by all the subscribers except three, while thirty fresh candidates offered themselves. No alteration has been made in the ordinary prices of pit and gallery. Upon these new principles, we hope that the profits of the opera-house will become as beneficial to the interests of the proprietors, as its splendour and regulation are creditable to their taste and attention.

It is no small honour to the nation, that such an amusement, in spite of vulgar prejudice and antipathy to every thing foreign, continues to flourish in an eminent degree; that while we are at war with almost all the nations of the continent, we still have candour enough to cultivate the arts of peace which those nations have taught us; that we, who have long been respected for our achievements, are now seeking to be admired for our elegancies.

The opera with which the entertainments of this theatre commenced, was *Semiramide*, composed, it is said, by Portogallo, expressly for Madame Catalani, who now made her first appearance in this country, as *Semiramis* herself. She had excited the highest expectations by her rehearsals, and the fame that she had gained abroad had not failed to add something to the general hope. Long before her arrival, it had been understood, that while one singer excelled in her upper notes, and another in her lower tones; that while one astonished by brilliant execution, and another charmed by pathetic sweetness, Madame Catalani was to come forward, a delightful proof of the compatibility of all those powers. Nor was the public expectation much disappointed: Catalani possesses every thing: but we do not pronounce that she possesses every thing in the same perfection in which some singers possess some individual power: for we consider Catalani by no means equal to Mrs. Billington, in Mrs. Billington's peculiar department. She is, however, a much better actress than Mrs. Billington, and approaches more nearly in her general deportment to Grassini, to whom we think her in scarcely any respect inferior. Whatever Grassini could do, Catalani seems to us to do as well, without that *mannerism* which in Grassini made one exhibition as satisfactory as a hundred. Madame Catalani has, like Grassini, the advantage of a very pleasing person; but at a distance she appears to have a smile upon her countenance in the deepest parts of her serious scenes. However, on approaching her more nearly, we perceive that what we at first conceived to be a smile, is in fact only a violent convulsion of the muscles, occasioned by the unexampled varieties, and sudden efforts of her organs. This draws up the mouth at the extremities, and so seems to a distant spectator a cheerful expression. Upon the whole we think that she appears to aim more at astonishing than at charming her auditors; and if such be her object, she may esteem herself completely successful. It has been said that she wishes first to secure a high reputation by the *wonders* of her voice, and intends hereafter to delight us by its *sweeter* effects. We do not think this opinion improbable, for though she has not hitherto addressed herself peculiarly to the heart, it seems not unlikely that so fine a quality of voice must, under proper modulation, be capable of softening the heart as well as of astonishing the ear. She was saluted with great applause, and continues to attract overflowing audiences.

The ballet of *La Danoomanie* succeeded; of which we can say little in praise. A Mademoiselle Presle appeared in this ballet, and in the divertisement between the acts of the opera; she danced with extraordinary vigour, but with little grace. She did not make a great impression, though she performed many wonderful feats of agility. She would probably be more successful on an English stage, than in a theatre where the graces are peculiarly cultivated and expected. Boisgirard, who last year gained so much undeserved applause in *Bajazet*, played very indifferently: but our old favourites, Pariset, Monsieur and Madame Deshayes, were as admirable as ever.

A new comic opera called the *Principe de' Tarento* was produced on Tuesday the 23d, in which a Signor Siboni, and Signora Perini, made their first appearance in this country. Siboni's voice is pleasing, but does not possess much compass. Perini has a great deal of liveliness, and is thought to resemble Storace in her style both of acting and of singing. She received great applause, as did also Naldi, who was in high spirits.

The novelties expected at Drury-Lane are, a comic opera from the pen of Mr. Kenney, and a comedy from that of Mrs. Lee. At Covent-Garden a new pantomime has already appeared, and a farce, of which the author is unknown, will shortly be produced. A comedy has been presented by Mr. Morton; and in the course of the season we shall have the farce of *Whistle for it*, which was successfully represented at the Priory, Lord Abercorn's country-seat. It is said that an opera has been presented by Cherry. At the King's Theatre two new ballets are forthcoming.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1806.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

THE affairs of the continent are now in a state so confused and uncertain, that it is impossible for us to present our readers with facts so important as those which appeared in our former numbers. We have now no battle of Auerstadt to discuss, no strong events on which to build conjectures. The flying reports of defeat undergone by the French at Stettin and at Posen are often circulated, and seldom believed: but this we find, that day after day adds something to the list of Prussian and Russian prisoners seized by the French. Yet the Husum mail, which arrived on the 23d, informs us that the King of Prussia has still an army of 30,000 men, and that his head quarters are at Osterode in East Prussia. When those advices came away, Dantzic had a garrison of 14,000 men. The French garrison at Hamburgh, which consisted of more than 16,000, broke up suddenly at the end of last month, which is by some considered as corroborative of the report that the French have been defeated near Posen or Stettin. Where little is known, it is usual to supply with conjecture the deficiency of fact; but as we have already detailed our opinions with regard to the probable consequences of the war, it will be very unnecessary to repeat arguments of which no new events have required the repetition. On the recent disturbances in Ireland we will also be perfectly silent; because Lord Henry Petty has assured us that those disturbances are not sufficiently important to demand the attention of the country.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Monday the 15th of December the House of Lords assembled, and were informed by the Lord Chancellor, that his Majesty could not be present at the meeting of Parliament, but that he would, at a convenient opportunity, state to the Parliament his reasons for convoking them at that time. No business of much importance was transacted on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday; but on Friday the 19th, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Winchilsea, and Lord Spencer, took their seats as his Majesty's Commissioners, and the Commons attending at the Bar, the Lord Chancellor, in his Majesty's name, delivered the following Speech to both Houses of Parliament:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"His Majesty has commanded us to assure you, that in the difficult and arduous circumstances under which you are now assembled, it is a great satisfaction to him to recur to the firmness and wisdom of his Parliament, after so recent an opportunity of collecting the sense of his people.

"His Majesty has ordered the papers which have been exchanged in the course of the late negociation with France, to be laid before you. His Majesty has employed every effort for the restoration of general tranquillity, on terms consistent with the interest and honour of his people, and with that inviolable good faith towards his allies, by which the conduct of this country has always been distinguished.

"The ambition and injustice of the enemy disappointed these endeavours, and in the same moment kindled a fresh war in Europe, the progress of which has been attended with the most calamitous events.

"After witnessing the subversion of the ancient Constitution of Germany, and the subjugation of a large proportion of its most considerable states, Prussia found herself still more nearly threatened by that danger, which she had vainly hoped to avert by so many sacrifices. She was therefore at length compelled to adopt the resolution of openly resisting this unremitted system of aggrandizement and conquest. But neither this determination, nor the succeeding measures, were previously concerted with his Majesty; nor had any disposition been shewn to offer any adequate satisfaction for those aggressions which had placed the two countries in a state of mutual hostility.

"Yet in this situation his Majesty did not hesitate to adopt, without delay, such measures as were best calculated to unite their councils and interests against the common enemy. The rapid course of the calamities which ensued, opposed insurmountable difficulties to the execution of this purpose.

"In the midst of these disastrous events, and under the most trying circumstances, the good faith of his Majesty's allies has remained un-

shaken. The conduct of the King of Sweden has been distinguished by the most honourable firmness. Between his Majesty and the Emperor of Russia, the happiest union subsists; it has been cemented by reciprocal proofs of good faith and confidence; and his Majesty doubts not that you will participate in his anxiety to cultivate and confirm an alliance which affords the only remaining hope of safety for the Continent of Europe.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*,

"His Majesty looks with confidence to your assistance in those exertions which the honour and independence of our country demand. The necessity of adding to the public burthens will be painful to your feelings, and is deeply distressing to his Majesty. In considering the estimates for the various branches of the public service, you will best consult his Majesty's wishes, by combining all practicable economy with those efforts which it is necessary to make against the formidable and increasing power of the enemy.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*,

"The long series of misfortune which has afflicted the Continent of Europe, could not fail to affect, in some degree, many important interests of the country. But, under every successive difficulty, his Majesty has had the satisfaction of witnessing an increasing energy and firmness on the part of his people, whose uniform and determined resistance has been no less advantageous than honourable to themselves, and has exhibited the most striking example to the surrounding nations. The unconquerable valour and discipline of his Majesty's fleets and armies continue to be displayed with undiminished lustre. The great sources of our prosperity and strength are unimpaired; nor has the British nation been, at any time, more united in sentiment and action, or more determined to maintain inviolate the independence of the Empire, and the dignity of the national character.

"With these advantages, and with an humble reliance on the protection of the Divine Providence, his Majesty is prepared to meet the exigencies of this great crisis; assured of receiving the fullest support from the wisdom of your deliberations, and from the tried affection, loyalty, and public spirit of his brave people."

Lord Jersey moved, and Lord Somers seconded, the usual address; which, after an attack upon Government by Lord Hawkesbury, and an able answer by Lord Grenville, was carried without a division.

On Monday the 22d, Lord Grenville presented the official papers relating to the negociation, and fixed the 2d of January for their discussion. He then moved the thanks of the House to Sir John Stuart and his brave army, the Conquerors of Maida, which were unanimously voted. The House then adjourned to Wednesday the 31st of December.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Monday the 15th of December, the representatives of the people also assembled. They immediately proceeded to the election of a Speaker, when Mr. Abbott, who so honourably to himself, and so advantageously to the country, occupied the chair of the House during the latter part of the late Parliament, was, upon the motion of Mr. Bragge Bathurst, which was seconded by Mr. Wilberforce, unanimously re-elected. Mr. Abbott returned thanks in an impressive speech, and Mr. T. Grenville congratulated the House on the choice which had been made.—On Tuesday the Speaker went up to the House of Lords, to hear the reading of the King's commission, in which his Majesty was pleased to approve and confirm the choice of the Commons in calling Mr. Abbott to the chair; at the same time the Speaker claimed the usual privileges of the House, which were granted. The rest of that day, with Wednesday and Thursday, was consumed in administering the oaths to Members of the House of Commons.—On Friday the 19th, when the Commons returned from the Upper House, the Speaker read his Majesty's Speech *pro forma* from the chair, and Mr. Lambe rose to move the address. After some general remarks on the state of Europe, he observed, that this country might still rely with confidence on the strength of her resources, and the valour and constancy of her people. Under these circumstances, said the Honourable Gentleman, it is impossible not to participate in the language of his Majesty's speech: language which assures us, that the great resources of the country still remain unimpaired, and that notwithstanding all the disasters which have taken place upon the continent, we still may look to those resources with confidence, and hear the menaces of the enemy without dismay. Two events there are which I most deeply deplore; one is, the fate of our negociation with France, and the other is the course of continental occurrences. To these topics, however painful to me, it is my duty to call the attention of the House. His Majesty's Ministers felt that it was incumbent on them, if peace would stop the career of desolation, to do all that might tend to the promotion of an object so consoling and so desirable. But it unfortunately happened that peace could not be obtained without concessions disgraceful to themselves

and to the country. The consequence was, a renewal of open hostility: but though the hopes of the people had not been realized, their courage was not depressed. Ministers thought it better to continue a war, than by abandoning their allies, to make a peace more pernicious than the continuance of war. Though the effort they have made has been totally unsuccessful, at least it has served to exhibit the moderation of his Majesty's Government, and incontrovertibly proved the restless ambition of France. The negotiation having failed, events succeeded each other rapidly upon the continent: but this is not the time for touching upon the magnanimous examples of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Sweden. Russia is now fighting for the defence of her own provinces: and the resources of that great empire will, I trust, enable her to affix a perpetual boundary to that power which has humbled almost every other nation on the continent. I now turn to a more pleasing topic, the internal situation of the country. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the blessings of the constitution, because that is a subject universally understood: but this I will say, that we have no reason to dread the menaces of our enemies, while we have a navy united, a spirited and courageous people, and an army which shews itself superior to its enemies whenever it has an opportunity of meeting them in the field. (*A loud cry of hear! hear!*) The enemy may entertain hopes from our internal distress; but where is that distress, while we continue to be secure in our capital and credit? And surely the skill and industry of Great Britain may fairly defy the maritime regulations of the French chief. To advert to the burthens of the country is certainly a painful task: but as long as the people are convinced that the pressure is absolutely necessary, and that all their resources will be applied in the strict spirit of economy, those burthens will doubtless cheerfully be borne. Under these circumstances, I can hardly bring myself to think that the House will hesitate in pledging itself to meet the exigency of this great crisis, and to bear every privation with fortitude, to hear the menaces of the enemy with firmness, and to defend the country to the last extremity. The Honourable Gentleman concluded by moving the address.

Mr. John Smith seconded the motion.

When the question was put, Mr. Canning rose and said, that he had never addressed the House with more sincerity than on that occasion, from his deep conviction of the dangers with which the country was surrounded. He did not intend by what he should say, idly to thwart the Government, but this he could not help observing, that the present Ministers had entered into office twelve months ago, with a belief that all which had gone before them had been wrong, and that all which was to follow from them would be right. They told us at that time that the resources of the country were exhausted, that its faith was violated, that its condition was almost desperate; yet at the end of twelve months they discover that the resources, of which not a trace remained, are great and flourishing: and the fame of that great man, now no more, is held up to the admiration of the country by the honourable seconder of the address. Great reforms were to be made, but nothing has been done: the very system which they reprobated they have pursued. This is the first efficient day of the session of a new Parliament, during whose existence the fate of the world may be decided; during which this country may be either ruined or restored. He concluded by moving a very long, but in our opinion very nugatory, amendment.

Lord Howick answered in a very able speech.

Lord Castlereagh supported the amendment, in an oration of which the principal arguments were built upon data that a few minutes before had been completely disproved by Lord Howick.

The original address was carried without a division.

On the following Monday the thanks of the House were voted to Sir John Stuart, the Hon. G. L. Cole, Brigadier-General Acton, and the officers and men who conquered on the plains of Maida. Lord Howick, moved, that early in the second week of January the papers relating to the negociation should be taken into consideration.

On the Tuesday the House went into a Committee for considering the supplies to be granted to his Majesty; in which it was resolved that a supply *should be* granted.

On Wednesday Mr. Biddulph, with a view of promoting the economical suggestions of his Majesty's speech, moved that the House should resolve, that it was highly inexpedient that the Chairman of the Committees of the House of Commons should receive a salary. He stated that a zeal for economy was his motive for this proposal, and not a desire of annoying his Majesty's Ministers, whose disinterestedness he had various opportunities of observing.

Lord Howick explained the importance and necessity of this office, and the little probability that there was of finding any private gentleman disposed to take the trouble on himself. What was every body's business, said the proverb, was

nobody's business. He then moved as an amendment, that the other orders of the day should be read, which, after a few words from Mr. Biddulph, was carried.

Lord Folkstone moved, that the order for taking Mr. Paull's petition into consideration, which stood for the 13th of January, should be rescinded, in order to be postponed to a future day. After some jokes and sarcasms between Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Percival, his Lordship's motion was carried.

The House then adjourned to Monday the 29th.

In the present state of affairs, our readers must not expect us to enter into a discussion of the papers of the Negociation. It does not follow, that because we have all the papers, we have all the necessary information. On such topics as military events, we conceive ourselves at liberty to make conjectures, because we generally know all the facts; and from facts, when all are known, it is fair to draw inferences as to probabilities. But in this instance, when a few words may make all imaginable difference, when motives are not known, and justifications have not been produced, we do not conceive ourselves entitled to pronounce a decision. Many persons have with great eagerness attacked the Government upon the conduct of the whole negociation: we shall not give an opinion, till we hear the matter fairly discussed in Parliament. We would rather be esteemed for our justice, than admired for our premature sagacity; particularly as those who prejudge a question, are, of all judges, in the most despicable situation, when their prophetic assertions, or *ex parte* determinations, are disproved by the production of new evidence. When Parliament has discussed the question, when Opposition have attacked the Ministry, which they will not fail to do, and when Ministers have defended themselves against their assailants, the whole cause will stand before the public, and we will not be wanting in our duty to our readers.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE QUEEN.—Perhaps there never was a period when the female branches of the Royal Family of Great Britain were so pre-eminently distinguished for their many excellent qualities, both personal and intellectual, as at the present time. In the Queen of England, we proudly contemplate the matron with her surrounding offspring, setting an example of emulation to her lovely daughters, which has been productive of the happiest consequences.

The Queen is an elegant artist, and an exquisite musician. Her Majesty's taste in the fine arts, particularly in that of *figure groups*, is universally admitted. One portrait of *Venus*, in her wavy car, has been much admired by the few who have seen it; for it is proper to observe, that the Queen possesses that great degree of diffidence, which always accompanies real merit, and is extremely averse to have her productions exhibited. They are consequently always kept in her Majesty's port-folios.

The Queen's performances on the piano-forte are distinguished for brilliancy of style, more than boldness and rapidity of execution. Her voice was, for her Majesty now seldom sings, sweetly harmonious. A German air, composed by the Queen, which her Majesty used frequently to sing, was much admired by the King for its taste, delicacy, and science. Needle-work, which is now considered as perfectly antediluvian, occupies a great portion of her Majesty's time.

THE PEERLESS PEERESS AND THE ANTIQUATED VIRTUOSO.

Among all the Graces of the present age, none deserves more notice than the above Lady. She appears, at all times, and in all seasons, like another *Venus*, and with a form uncommonly pleasing, assumes an attitude, on all occasions, which would characterize one of the *Graces*. This emblem of propriety is, at present, the object of the admiration of the antiquated *virtuoso*, who sits by her side all the *live-long-day*, at the house of his friend *Apelles*, whilst the latter is employed in pourtraying certain pensive attitudes, the Lady thinks proper to throw herself into, in her eager personification of one of the antique busts of *Sappho!*

Scandal tells us, that JUPITER has not yet appeared in a shower of gold; but when he does, we shall have no occasion to lament the consequences!

THE SUCCESSFUL GAMESTER AND MRS. M—Y.

To be outdone in talents or in virtues, is no longer the end and aim of the multitude, but to be the first in splendour or eccentricity, to attract

the gaze of wonder and obtain the admiration of the idle, are now the main springs which actuate this mortal machine of vanity and folly. Whilst the *noble* gamester is winning his *forty thousands* at *Hazard*, his *faithful Delilah* is dashing through Bond-street, in all the pomp of dress and cavalcade. Here she, in the *milliners' shops*, expatiates on the splendour of her house, her equipage, and her future expectancies, relative to rank and pre-eminence. All this takes place under the *very nose* of the rightful owner of all these luxuries, before whom she paces like another *Atalante!* Were it not for the pernicious attraction and agitation of mind a gaming-table produces, a late adventure would, ere this, have opened her protector's eyes!

ROYAL SOCIETY.—St. Andrew's Day falling this year on Sunday, the Royal Society held their Anniversary Meeting on Monday, Dec. 1, at their apartments in Somerset-Place; when the President, the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. in the name of the Society, presented the Gold Medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) to Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. for his various papers on vegetation, printed in the Philosophical Transactions.

Afterwards the Society proceeded to the choice of the Council and Officers for the ensuing year; when, on examining the ballots, it appeared that the following Gentlemen were elected of the Council.

Of the Old Council, the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B.; Mr. John Abernethy; Sir Charles Blagden, Knt.; Henry Cavendish, Esq.; Edward Whitaker Gray, M. D.; Right Hon. Charles Greville; William Marsden, Esq.; Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D. D.; George Earl of Morton; William Hyde Wollaston, M. D.; Thomas Young, M. D.

Of the New Council, the Right Hon. Charles Abbot; John Heaviside, Esq.; Hon. Frederick North; Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart.; Right Hon. Sir William Scott, Knt.; Francis Lord Seaforth; Charles Shaw Lefevre, Esq.; George Viscount Valentia; Roger Wilbraham, Esq.; Charles Wilkins, Esq.

And the Officers were the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. President; William Marsden, Esq. Treasurer; Edward Whitaker Craig, M. D. William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Secretaries.

A Council was held at the Royal Academy, on Wednesday, Dec. 10, for the purpose of electing a President, and distributing the three silver annual Prize Medals; when, after sitting from seven until half past eleven o'clock, Benjamin West, Esq. was re-elected President.—Mr. Wyatt then presented the medals to

Mr. Mulready, for the best drawing from life.

Mr. Cote, for the best model from life.

Mr. Gandy, for an architectural drawing, West View of St. Paul's, from actual measurement. His drawing was the only one for the medal.

SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.—About four o'clock on Monday, Dec. 16, a meeting of the Smithfield Club took place at Freemason's Tavern.

About five o'clock near 300 Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Graziers, sat down to a very excellent dinner in the Freemason's Hall;

Lord Wm. Russell in the Chair;

James Blackwell Praed, Esq. and Mr. P. Giblet, the Stewards.

His Lordship, after dinner, rose, and read the adjudication of the prizes, viz.

In Class I. Mr. Westcar 20gs.; the 10 guinea prize was not awarded.

In Class II. Mr. Westcar 20gs. and to Mr. Edmonds, 10gs.

In Class III. Mr. Chandler 20gs. and to Mr. Westcar, 10gs.

In Class IV. Mr. Chandler 10gs.

In Class V. Mr. Lucas 10gs.

In Class VI. Mr. Letchmore 10gs.

In Class VII. Mr. Edmonds 10gs.

In Class VIII. The prize not claimed.

In Class IX. Henry King, jun. 10gs.

In Class X. Mr. Dodd 10gs. and

In Class XI. His Royal Highness the Duke of York 10gs.

His Lordship then stated, that on account of the Herefordshire breed of cattle having so uniformly of late borne off the prizes offered by the Club, it was in future intended, and he was happy that the funds of the Club admitted of it, to alter and increase the premiums, by offering separate prizes of 20 guineas each for the best ox or steer shewn of the following breeds, viz. Herefordshire, long-horned, short-horned, Sussex or Kent, Devonshire, and any mixed breed, not weighing less than 120 stone, and to have been worked two years; also an additional 10 guineas to the owner of the best ox or steer shewn as above; also for the best ox or steer of any breed, under 120 stone, either worked or not, but fed without cake or corn. These alterations were greatly applauded.

Mr. LUDLAM, who has been so celebrated for his attention to the Philanthropic Annuity Plan, has had the misfortune of a temporary derangement. After conducting some business of the meeting at the London Tavern on Wednesday

the 17th, he ordered dinner for himself and clerk. One of the waiters entered, and whispered the clerk, that a printer was in waiting who wished to speak with Mr. Ludlam. The latter, incensed at the whisper, snapped a pistol at the waiter, which fortunately missed fire. Soon after, Mr. Peacock, one of the masters of the house, entered, and was kept for some time in alarm by the wild and incoherent behaviour of Mr. Ludlam, not daring to leave the room. In the mean time notice had been given of Mr. Ludlam's behaviour, and the Lord-Mayor had prepared a warrant for his apprehension. Mr. Ludlam now began to prepare for escape, and ordered the windows to be opened, and his carriage to wait immediately opposite to them. Just as these orders were obeyed, a waiter entered the room, having been attending at a different part of the house, and unacquainted with the state of affairs. Mr. Ludlam with great quickness turned round and pointed the pistol at him. At this crisis Mr. Peacock rushed by his jailer, and fled to the door. Mr. Ludlam being confused at the moment, fired at random, and the balls, of which there were three, lodged in the wall above the door. The noise of the pistol attracted the people in the front of the house to the passage, and Ludlam availing himself of the favourable moment, with the greatest agility leaped out of the window, over the iron pailing, and into his carriage. The servants having their cue, the steps were up in a second, the door fastened, and the horses off in full gallop.

HIGH TIDE—The spring tide arose on Friday Dec. 26th, at two o'clock, to such a height that the lower part of Wapping was laid under water. Higher up the river, the effects of this overflow on the part of *Old Father Thames* were not less conspicuous. The whole of Scotland-yard was covered with water, and the cellars and kitchens in that quarter, as well as in Parliament-street, were completely filled. The inundation reached to the Horse Guards, where the parade was converted into a pond. In the two Palace Yards its effects were equally conspicuous. The lower part of the Speaker's house was filled, and Hillier's and Oliver's Coffee-houses were absolutely inaccessible. The moon was at full, but the wind was westerly. Had it been otherwise, the damages would have been incalculable. Fifteen years have elapsed since those quarters have experienced such another visitation.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

AS some labourers were digging clay in the brick yard of Mr. Pool, at Bottesford, near Grantham, about nine feet from the surface they discovered the head and horns of an animal, of the bull kind, of most extraordinary dimensions. The weight of the horns, with a piece of the frontal bone, is 31lb.; the span from tip to tip is two feet one inch, and at the greatest bulge of the horns three feet two inches; each horn from the skull to the tip measures two feet eight inches, and is at its base one foot one inch and a half in circumference. One tooth weighs two ounces and a half. There is an imperfect cavity in the clay, in which the body of the animal is supposed to have been, and on each side was a large piece of an oak tree, as black as ebony. Some part of the horns, near the tip, is completely petrified. The animal is supposed to have been the ancient Behemoth, and to have lain since the deluge. The parts found are now in the possession of Mr. J. Wright, surgeon, of Bottesford.

An extraordinary discovery was made Dec. 14th by Mr. William Collins, farrier, in the sufferings of a horse, the property of Mr. G. Stevenson, of Maidstone, which died of the stone on Saturday night, after having lingered a considerable time in excruciating agony. Mr. Collins, on opening the animal, extracted 17 stones, the largest weighed 26 ounces and a half—gross weight of the whole, seven pounds three ounces.

We learn from a communication to the Society of Arts, by S. Taylor, Esq. of Moston, near Manchester, that the white thorn, which is so valuable for fences, may be propagated by cuttings from the roots, with considerable success, while cuttings from the branches do not thrive. The roots of plants a year old, will afford each ten or twelve cuttings, and in three years a succession of plants fit for use will be produced.

RATS.—A correspondent hands us the following recipe for killing Rats:—"Take of the oil of rodium five shillings worth, oil of almonds a table-spoonful, and mix them together; with which anoint a slate, then put a little oatmeal upon it. You must feed them for three days with this on the slate, after that take a forpet and a half of toasted oatmeal, which you will mix with two ounces and a half of unslacked lime shells, well

pounded, two ounces and a half of sugar-candy, one ounce of antimony, and one ounce of cantharides, or Spanish flies; then make a compound of the whole, mixing them together with a wide toothed comb."

To remove the spots of oil, grease, and tallow, from any kind of stuff.—Take five or six pieces of lighted charcoal, about the size of a walnut, wrap them in a piece of linen which has been previously dipped in water, and squeezed in the hand to press out the superabundant moisture; extend the stuff that is spotted on a table on which a clean napkin has been spread, then take the cloth containing the charcoal by four corners and lay it on the spot; lift it up and put it down on the spot ten or twelve times successively, pressing lightly upon it; and the spot will disappear.

BIRTHS.

Lately, the Lady of General Barton, of a son.

Tuesday, the 9th ult. the Lady of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. of a daughter, at his house in Piccadilly.

On the 7th ult. the Lady of Captain J. A. Ommanney, R. N. of a daughter.

On Thursday the 11th ult. Mrs. F. Parry, of Tavistock Place, Russell-square, of a son.

A few days ago, Mrs. Potter, the wife of Mr. James Potter, of Spofforth, near Wetherby, was safely delivered of three fine girls, who, with the mother, are doing well.

MARRIAGES.

On the 1st ult. at Dalkeith-house, the Right Hon. W. Earl of Ancram, to Lady Harriet Montague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Buccleugh.

At her mother's house in Charles-street, Berkley-square, Lady Harriet Villiers, the youngest daughter of the Countess of Jersey, to the Hon. and Rev. R. Bagot.

At St. Mary-le bone, Henry Hawley, Esq. eldest son of Sir Henry Hawley, Bart, of Leybourne Grange, Kent, to Catherine Elizabeth Shaw, eldest daughter of Sir John Shaw, Bart. of Kenward

At Sandhill Park, Capt. Rich, eldest son of Sir Charles Rich, Bart. of Shirley-house, Hants, to Miss Lethbridge, youngest daughter of Sir John Lethbridge, Bart

At Great Ness, in Salop, by the Rev. Crewe Davis, John Edwards, of Great Ness, Esq. to Miss Martin, only daughter of the Rev. George Martin, grand-daughter of the late, and niece of the present Duke of Athol.

DEATHS.

The Duke of Brunswick died at Ottensen, Nov. 10, 1806, aged 72. He was appointed Commander in Chief of his Prussian Majesty's forces. In this capacity he commanded at the battle of Auerstadt; and exerting himself, according to the acknowledgment of his enemies, with the most heroic courage, to turn the fortune of the day, he was wounded by a cannon-ball in the forehead, which deprived him of his eye-sight, and obliged him to be carried off the field of battle. He was at first taken to Brunswick, but on the approach of the French he removed from that city, and took refuge at Altona, in the Danish territory. The anxiety and distress of his mind, at the miserable calamities that had befallen his country, probably, more than any serious injury in the nature of his wound, occasioned the death of this distinguished and lamented veteran.

Lately, at his seat at Tradeger, in Wales, Sir C. Morgan, Bart. many years Military Judge Advocate; he was in his 83d year.

Lately, at his seat at Pyrland, near Taunton, Sir Wm. Yea, Bart. aged 79.

At his lodgings at Bath, aged 57, Arthur Blake, Esq. brother of the late Sir Patrick Blake, Bart. of Dangham, Suffolk.

At Ashton, Sir Joseph Eyles, Knt. Captain in the Royal Navy.

On the 25th ult. Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. at his seat at Arbury, Warwickshire, aged 87.

Lately, the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, Vicar of Richmond, Surrey, and brother of the late celebrated Gilbert Wakefield.

Lately, at Southampton, Capt. Woodgate, aged 26, of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion. His premature death was caused by a wound he received in the landing of the British, under Gen. Abercrombie, at Aboukir. About 18 months since, he married the Earl of Cavan's eldest daughter. He has left an infant daughter.

At Horndean, Mrs. Hammond, aged 103.

At Kilcooley, Ireland, aged 105, John Shortal; he has left a widow in her 102d year.

At Auch, Pierre Monnede, at the age of 110 years and four months. He worked as a day labourer until a little before his death. He recollected the war of the Spanish succession to the reign of Louis XVI. He died through hunger, occasioned by his not being able to swallow, through weakness, the food which was given to him. He had never been sick in his life.

LE BEAU MONDE.

ESSAY III.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem. JOHNSON.

No page is dearer to the Nine,
Than where the grave and gay entwine,
In pleasing alternation.
Thus too the mind in vigour lives;
The one its proper tension gives,
The other relaxation.

THE title of this department of our Magazine is not original in itself, although it is so in its application. BONNEL THORNTON, in the 35th number of the *Adventurer*, has satirically sketched the plan of a newspaper to record the *nothingnesses* of high life under the title of the *Beau Monde*. Of this paper he has given us a very humourous specimen, in which the trivial is magnified into the important in the happiest strain of mock-heroic. Thus a mail arrives from Bath with the interesting intelligence of a Lady's lying-in; advices are received from Hyde-park of a bloody battle, fought between Captain Dreadnought and Lieutenant Fury; and in consequence of an express from France the privy-council in Tavistock-street meet for the dispatch of fashions. We cannot sufficiently praise the *Adventurer's* lively ridicule of this bombastic exaltation of trifles; and the modesty with which the few pages that we monthly dedicate to the elegancies of high life follow the literary body of our Magazine, will effectually screen us from the shafts of that *ridicule's* application, at the same time that it proves the originality of our *title's* application. BONNEL THORNTON'S *Beau Monde* is chiefly filled with the insignificancies of fashion, and reserves a contracted corner only for literature, that is, if HOYLE and the new novels can be called literature; the *Beau Monde* in which we are now writing, depends for its' direct reputation upon the faithful picture it gives of the polite literature of the age. BONNEL THORNTON'S *Beau Monde* is facetiously addressed to the polite, and could be seriously read by the foolish only: our *Beau Monde* is seriously addressed to the polite, and by the foolish will not be read at all.

But it is as useless to point out the differences of works which will never be compared, as it is to defend a utility which will never be denied. *Our* miscellany is not to be ridiculed by thinking of BONNEL THORNTON'S, and BONNEL THORNTON'S will attain its end of rendering itself ridiculous without any comparison to *ours*.

Our present motto speaks our pretensions better than a volume could do. It was Dr. JOHNSON'S advice to the ingenious projector of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, EDWARD CAVE. Our present number, however, debars us from one resemblance to CAVE'S, that of invidiously styling our Magazine, a Gentleman's exclusively; for we shall henceforward enliven our fashionable department with a female costume, to which we beg that our fair readers will now, with

—Snow-white fingers, turn the volant page.

18
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MAY

COURT DRESSES for her Majesty's Birth Day

Printed for J. B. Bell & Co

MORNING WALKING DRESSES

for Ladies & Gentlemen for Jan.y 1.1807. Printed for Jn.o Bell & Co.r N.o 148 High Holborn.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
18
50
MAY

FASHIONS

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

COURT DRESSES.

FOR HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE return of the rigid season brings with it once more, to every loyal bosom, the happy occasion of doing honour to the birth-day of our gracious and amiable Queen. Fancy and taste have been long busy in making preparations, and the condescension of a noble lady has enabled us to anticipate some of the characteristics that are likely to distinguish the habiliments of that day. The design which she has done us the honour to communicate, brings the whole into a central point of consideration, and we have therefore only to describe it.

Fig. No. 1. FOR LADIES.—The hair dressed in natural curls round the face, with a coronet, bandeau, or other ornament in gold—feathers of every kind. The body, sleeves, and petticoat, of rich, full coloured satin or velvet: the draperies of gauze or tiffany spotted with gold embroidery; the trimmings and false sleeves of the same, edged with rich lace, and the cords and tassels that festoon the draperies, of gold. The bracelets round the sleeves, the zone and the binding of the petticoat to be of plate gold, we suppose in commemoration of the lately achieved conquest of South America. The petticoat is decorated with artificial wreaths of the white thorn made in relief.

Fig. No. 2. FOR GENTLEMEN.—Dark-green, or other dark colour, coat and small-cloaths of silk, velvet, or fine cloth, covered with a small spot somewhat lighter of the same kind of colour, edged with silver lace, and embroidered with any kind of wild flower of acknowledged British growth: waistcoat of white satin, emoroidered in a very light pattern of gold thread. Silk stockings perfectly white.

Fig. No. 3. A MORNING WALKING DRESS.—A plain muslin dress, walking length, made high in front, and forms a shirt collar, richly embroidered; long sleeves, also embroidered round the wrists, and at the bottom of the dress; a pelisse opera coat, without any seam in the back, composed of orange-blossom tinged with brown, made of Angola cloth, or sarsnet, trimmed either with rich Chinchealley fur, or sable tipt with gold; white fur will also look extremely delicate. The pelisse sets close to the form on one side, and is fastened on the right shoulder with a broach; both sides may be worn close as a wrapping pelisse. *Indispensables* are still much worn, and of the same colour as the dress. The Agrippina hat, made at Millard's, corner of Southampton-street, Strand, is truly elegant and quite new; the hair in loose curls, confined with a band of hair: ear-rings are quite out of fashion. Leather gloves, and high shoes or half-boots, of orange-blossom, brown velvet or kid.

AN EVENING FULL DRESS.—White sarsnet train slip, trimmed round the bottom with a silver spangled bordering; grey crape dress; short sleeves fulled into silver net, crossing the left shoulder and passing under the right arm, forms an elegant brace; the net to be continued in the stile of drapery to the left side, which is looped up with silver cord and tassel; a silver embroidered front, made high and shaped square to the bosom, to be worn without a tucker; the bottom of the sleeves cut with a point, and confined up with a silver cord and tassel to correspond with the drapery. Cap of grey velvet and lace, the right side a plaiting of velvet, trimmed round with silver chain; the left a short lace veil, confined to the velvet in front with a silver passion flower, tied behind with silver cord and tassels. The dress should be broached on the shoulder.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES DRESS FOR JANUARY 1807.

Never was there a period that exhibited a greater variety of female decorations than the present; and it is as difficult to find a *costume* to condemn, as to describe one that has a decided preference. Our general observations on dress differ materially from the communications of last month; although short dresses still continue to be worn in the morning, there are, notwithstanding, great variations in the mode of their composition, and in the choice of the *costume*. The most fashionable females consider no morning dress so truly elegant, in point of simplicity and neatness, as the *chemise* dress, made of muslin or cambric, drawn close round the throat with a broad lace frill, and to set entirely plain in front, so as to form the shape of the bosom; and fluted round the sleeves and the bottom of the dress.

The most approved *plisse* opera coat, and which will be general during the month of January, is composed of twilled sarsnet or Angola cloth, of orange blossom, tinged with brown, and trimmed with white swansdown, sable, or Chinchealley fur. The Agrippina mantle is quite novel, and is formed of tiger fur, lined with sarsnet to match: a broad cape of the same falling on the shoulders; these mantles, tiger fur tippets, and *plisse* opera coats, composed of orange blossom, tinged with brown, will be very prevalent in the land of fashion. The Agrippina hat is the most tasty hat that has ever been made of straw, and will be universally worn. Tiger fur bonnets are also much in estimation. There is little necessity or opportunity for a lengthened description of Full Dress, as the Court mourning renders observations on fashions rather confined; ornaments and trimmings being obliged to wear a *sombre* hue; but the present mode of dress will, doubtless, preserve the enchanting elegance which has been so much approved by the well-discerning *Noblesse;* grey crape with black or grey bugles, tastefully introduced in the dresses, have an elegant effect. Some of our dashing *belles* have also introduced silver trimmings; they have a brilliant appearance in the full dress already described. One of the London fashionables has again introduced the train frocks, which were a short time since so much approved of; they have undergone some variations, and are cut into a long train on one side, and squares off to the length of the petticoat on the other side; a light embroidery of silver leaves, short sleeves drawn into quarters at the top, so as to cover the tip of the shoulder, separated with broad silver chain; embroidery of silver leaves round the bottom of the sleeves, to match with the extremity of the dress; the body shaped to the bosom made entirely of lace and silver leaves to correspond with the remainder part of the dress; and made sufficiently high, so that it may be worn alone; this ornament in dress must cover a white satin slip; grey crape made in nearly the same manner, and trimmed with swans' down, is very elegant. With full dress, the hind part of the hair is brought to the left side of the front, with a large rosette of curls, under which, a band of hair confines the left ear, and exposes the right; fastened in front with either a brilliant diamond star or pearls. Some Fashionables prefer the hair cut short in the neck, and curled long and high on the top, parting shews the whole of the forehead; others adopt a plain band of hair *à la Grecque* on the left side, on the other three small plaits, ranging towards the back part of the head, and passing behind the right ear, so as to leave the whole exposed. This kind of head-dress is worn with fronted *tiara* fronts, silver or gold nets, drawn to the side of the head, according to the taste of the wearer: pearl or silver passion flowers are much worn in dress caps. Fans are made of white or grey crape, spotted with silver or gold.

Ridicules are fashionable; and York tanned gloves are most approved of for morning dress. White stockings, with small narrow clocks, white kid gloves, white or grey satin shoes, are the necessary appendages for full dress. Half boots or high shoes, made of orange blossom or brown kid; black velvet or kid boots, are indispensable for morning dress.

Fig. No. 4. A MORNING WALKING DRESS FOR GENTLEMEN is composed of a dark brown coat, with double breasted lappels, cut into angles, skirt moderately long; fancy toilinette, but chiefly marsailles, waistcoat, leather breeches, with two or three buttons ascending above the knee: boots with round toes, and dark brown glossy tops.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESS FOR JANUARY 1807.

The general mourning ordered on account of the death of the venerable Duke of Brunswick, has prevented much alteration in Gentlemen's dress; evening parties in the fashionable world have been a mere assemblage of sables; and as many Gentlemen's wardrobes furnished them with what was deemed sufficient for the purpose, the inventors of fashion found themselves completely cramped and disappointed in the great field of taste, by the necessity of new clothes being done away in the total exclusion of a coloured garment.

Morning coats of dark brown mixtures, or dark green mixtures, made either according to the same style as the evening coats, or single breasted, and rather short, are still fashionable. These we observe to have generally a moderate sized metal plated button; and though collars of the same cloth are much used, a black velvet collar is considered as carrying a greater degree of style.

The few coloured coats for full dress that have been worn, during the last month, have undergone but trifling variation; when the mourning is over, dark-greens will gain an ascendancy in the circle of fashion; and brown coats with collars of the same will still be much in favour.

The collar of coats though made to rise well up in the neck is, however, not so extremely high as it was formerly. It is now made just sufficient to admit of a small portion of the neck-

cloth being seen above it; it then descends gradually on the sides of the neck, so as to fall open and rather low in front; the waistcoats are worn both double and single breasted with collars of moderate heights to support themselves freely from the neck; and as they are buttoned only about half way up, and only two or three of the lower buttons of the coat fastened, they are made to shew the drapery of the shirt to much advantage by the apparent fulness they display when tastefully made, and properly adapted to the body. The breeches come tolerably high up on the hip, and are two or three inches below the bend of the knee, where they sit perfectly close, taking, as they ascend, a gradual increase of size, sufficient to make them completely full, but at the same time void of the extravagant folds which they exhibited some months past: the colours of the small-clothes were becoming somewhat more of the orange blossom, or fawn, in compliment to the Ladies, who at present seem much attached to these colours in their pelisses; and we think they would have become pretty general had they not been prevented by the introduction of black; they will be taken into favour during the present month, as they are much admired in the *haut-ton*.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

EARL Spencer's fox hounds, under the management of Mr. Ward, met with an uncommon day's sport on Wednesday, Dec. 10th. At ten o'clock this distinguished pack threw off to a field of about seventy horsemen, among whom were the chief in blood, as well as wealth, of this respectable county. The fox was found at Marston Wood, and took away gallantly over the open country, through Bosworth Fields to Sulby, where, after some cold hunting, and a sharp burst of half an hour, he was lost. It was now near two o'clock, and the horses having had a fair day's sport, were by their generous masters intended to return home, but in drawing Naseby Field, one of the best foxes ever known was unkennelled, and broke view, taking the following run:—He went off with the hounds close at his brush, and as straight as a dart to Scotland-wood, from thence to Short-wood, turning a little towards Maidwell, from thence to Taxton, through Old towards Walgrave, where, after a check of a few minutes, he gallantly made towards Pytchley, but came back to Orlingbury Holt, Wiltmore Park, and lastly to Hardwick-wood, when it became so dark, that it was absolutely necessary to whip off, to the no small mortification of the *keen ones*. This chase, so extraordinary both for its length of ground as well as its rate, was led by Mr. Isham, followed by Lord Althorpe, Messrs. Elwes, Barnard, Hanbury, Thursby, Ambrose, Harvey, Sawbridge, and Buller, the *game* riders to this *crack* run, which commenced with a very numerous field both of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire sportsmen. No hares were killed, though two or three were left in the brooks, which from the wet were immensely difficult to cover, unless by those horses high in blood, or well as to condition.

Lord Derby, on Tuesday, Dec. 16th, turned out his *favourite Lancashire* deer, well known by the Gentlemen attending his Lordship's Hunt, at Caterham Common, which after a most severe run of near three hours, they found *shot* in a cottage, near Moulsey, Surrey. The deer being extremely fatigued, took refuge in a garden, the owner of which thought proper to shoot him, dragged him into his cottage, and was actually in the act of skinning him, when the door was broke open. The first person that entered was Mr. Charles Moreton, of Croydon, who being extremely irritated, treated the man with some violence. His Lordship was hurt beyond conception. The man, we understand, is in custody. This was the third year of the deer's being hunted, and he seldom ran less than thirty miles. He went very often from the Oaks, below Tunbridge Wells, Crawley, Kingston, &c.—Indeed, his Lordship esteemed him more than the whole herd.

MR. WATT'S AND SIR M. MASTERMAN SYKES'S FOXHOUNDS.—These hounds had five most brilliant days during the second week in December. Monday's chase, from Mr. Crompton's Whin, was one of the best specimens of real hunting that almost ever was seen; after running an hour in covert, the fox broke away over the forest, which he twice crossed, and was killed, after a hard run of two hours and five minutes from his leaving the covert.—Tuesday was a bye-day, when the young hounds afforded a good diversion.—On Wednesday they threw off at Mr. Croft's plantations, below Stillington, where they found immo

diately, and went away in a most capital style, beating all the horses, and killing their fox in forty minutes from the time of his breaking covert: they afterwards found again, and had another most excellent run of an hour and a quarter, and killed. On Thursday the young hounds showed very good diversion, running their fox a killing pace for near two hours, and would have killed him, but being late when they found, the night came on and obliged the keen sportsmen reluctantly to call away.—Friday they did not find till they got to Dalby Wood, whence they went away and killed their fox in twenty minutes without a check.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A fine field of sportsmen, amounting to about 70, lately went out with the Croydon harriers. The dogs soon came on a fine fresh scent, which they ran breast high, near fifty miles, without ever being at fault. The sportsmen were confident that they were in chase of a strong fox, and enjoyed the sport exceedingly. Three horses fell dead from excessive fatigue. At last the dogs ran in upon their prey, which proved to be a drag, made of a piece of hay, with a piece of bacon, rubbed with oil of aniseed. This trick is attributed to a jealousy between the gentlemen of the regular fox hounds and those of the harriers, the latter having lately drawn the covers on the day when the earth was stepped for the fox hounds. It is understood to have been carried into effect by three men, stationed at a distance of about fifteen miles asunder, who dragged this bait across the country, relieving each other.

A trotting match, which has been long talked of in the sporting circles, and on which bets to an unprecedented amount were depending, was decided at Hampton-court. The race was between Mr. Fentum's celebrated trotting mare, and the as equally celebrated Kilcade mare, late the property of Mr. Fetcher Read, but now belonging to a gentleman in the vicinity of Finsbury-square. The match was for 200 guineas, and the distance was 16 miles, from Bushy Park Gate, and 8 miles on the Sunbury Road, and back to the place of starting.

The bets were freely laid at 2 to 1, and 5 to 2 on the Manchester mare, and 6 to 4 that the winner did not perform the 16 miles in an hour. At starting, the Kilcade mare took the lead, followed the whole of the 8 miles closely by the other. They continued together at full trotting speed, until within a mile of the coming-in spot. At Hampton, the distance alluded to, the animals were neck and neck, each striving to make play; and, in the last mile, the Kilcade mare broke four times into a canter, and was obliged to turn round, she having done so six times during the race, and the other four times. The Manchester mare won the race by half a minute only, having performed the 16 miles, in bad weather, in 56 minutes.

SALE OF CAPT. MELLISH'S STUD.—A greater concourse of sportsmen has seldom been ever witnessed at Tattersall's than appeared in consequence of the sale of the stud belonging to this hero of the turf. At one o'clock, after a few hack horses had been disposed of, the stud of Mr. Mellish was brought to the hammer in the following order:

Stavely sold for 100 guineas: Smuggler, 1800; Streatham Lass, 950; Sister to Smuggler, 320; Czar Peter, 500; Luck's-All, 400; Harry Long Legs, 300; Didler, 250; Jerboa, 200; A Grey horse, 295; Yorkshireman, 100; Eagle, 1200; Mameluke, 100; A Colt, by Expectation, 100; Darling, 100; Miss Buckle, 100; Beadle, 100; Companion, 80; Quid, 75.

After the sale of the above, about 20 blood mares were disposed of, from 60 to 160 guineas each, as were several hacks.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN PERFORMANCE.—Glanville, a Shropshire man, started on Friday morning, Dec. 26, at seven o'clock, at the 14th mile-stone on the Bath road, to go to the 85th and back to the 14th, a distance of 142 miles, in 30 hours. He was backed to perform the distance in the time allotted for 80 guineas, but from the great distance at this season of the year, the odds were 7 to 4, and two to 1 against him, as he had to perform four miles and three quarters an hour, without allowing any stoppages. He went off at a brisk walk, and for two miles together he broke into a shuffling walk, at the rate of 6 miles an hour. His first stoppage was at Twyford, at which place he arrived and took a bason of soup prepared for him, at five minutes past ten o'clock. He stopped about five minutes at this place, 34 miles from town, and refreshed again at Marlborough, and arrived at the 85th mile-stone at ten minutes past eight o'clock in the evening. This half of his journey was performed at something less than five miles and an half an hour. The pedestrian returned a few miles on his way back, and refreshed himself on a bed, between two blankets, for about an hour and a half, and arrived at Reading at a quarter past six o'clock, on Saturday morning, Dec. 27th. He had now 25 miles to perform in five hours and three quarters, and he appeared a good deal fatigued. After reclining in a chair for about twenty minutes, and drinking half a pint of mulled wine, he renewed his laborious task, and arrived at his journey's end at a quarter before one o'clock, by which he had a quarter of an hour to spare. He was attended by two horsemen the whole of the distance.